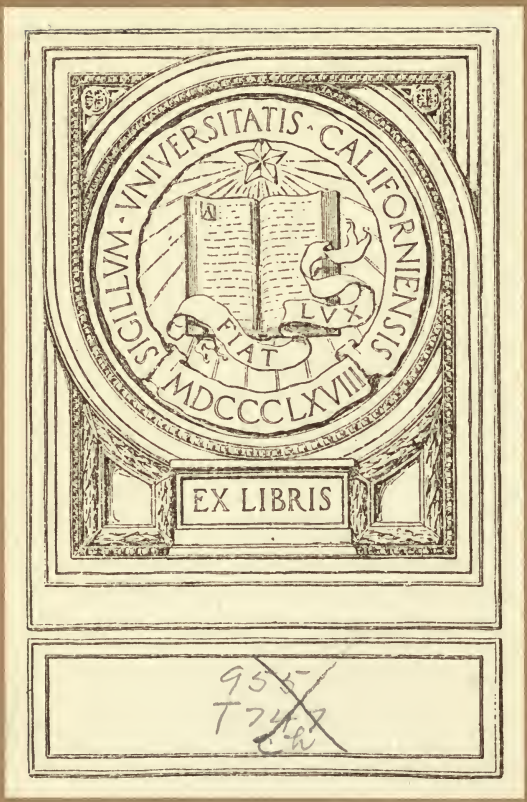
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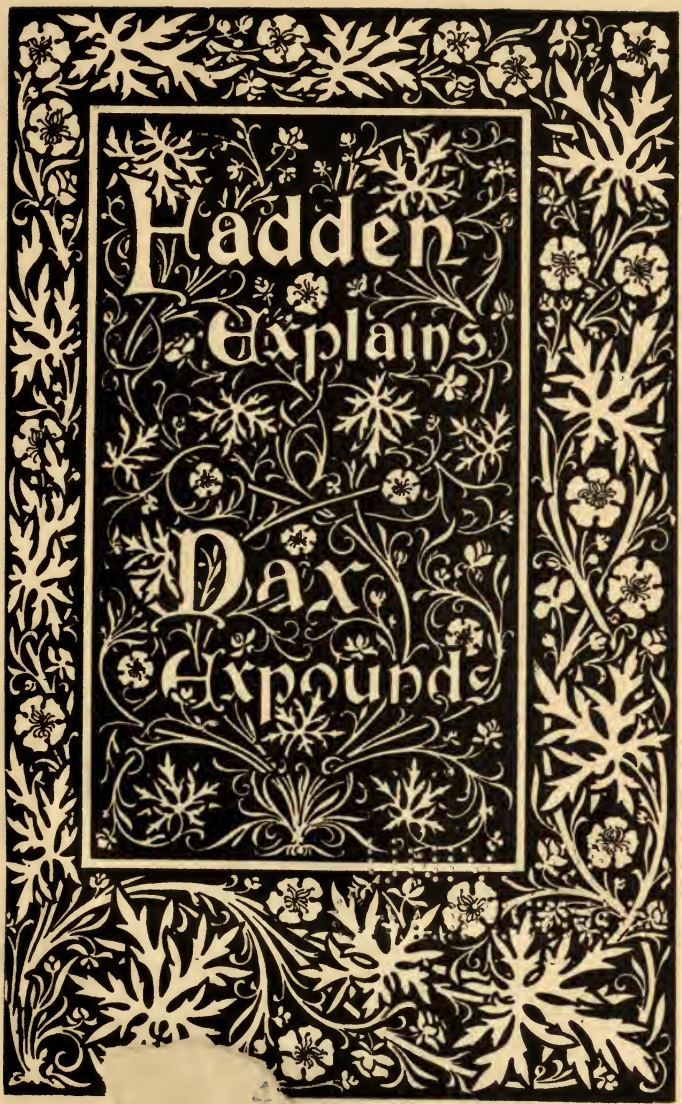
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MAIN

The kindness extended to the writer by the reviewers of the preceding volume, "Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and Other Stories," prompted in some degree, doubtless, by fraternal good will, has been justified, happily, by the sale of the book, and its popularity with those whose opinions the critical would most respect.

The story "Mr. Fannie Hallowell," included herewith, has not been published hitherto. The "Fadden" and "Max" sketches appeared first in the New York "Sun"; the others, with the exception mentioned, were printed first in the San Francisco "Argonaut."

THE AUTHOR.

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The Wedding of Miss Fannie.

DID I never tell you bout de weddin of Miss Fannie and Mr. Burton? No? Say, are you on t' me sayin 'you' stid of 'ye'? Dat's de Duchess's doin. She's dead stuck on me talkin like a dude. I was tellin Mr. Burton bout it de odder day, and he says, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'Chames, I'll teach you t' talk what de Duchess is pleased t' designate'—dem's his very lanwudge; 'pleased t' designate'; ain't he a corker?—'is pleased t' designate de dude lanwudge if you'll teach me your talk.'

"Say, honest, dat broke me all up, cause I never taut I talked no diffrunt from him. I taut it was cause de Duchess was forn she couldn't get onto me talk. Wasn't I raised right on de Bowry? If dey don't talk American dere, I'd like t' know wot t'ell! Dat's all I'd like t' know.

"Sometimes I taut it was cause I didn't use no big words dat de Duchess was kickin, but when I told Mr. Burton t' tell me on de dead level what was de matter wid me talk, he said not to bodder bout it; dat after I was round wid

him a year, he taut I'd be so dudy de Duchess wouldn't know me.

"But what do you tink she makes me do? Every night I has t' practise like I was a actor, sayin 'you,' 'him,' 'his,' 'her,' 'a,' 'of,' for half a hour. Say, I'd have a fit wid it if it wasn't for de fun I gets outter de Duchess tryin t' teach me t' say dem words like 'the' and 'think.' She says 'ze' an' 'zink,' and gets near crazy cause I tell her dat's dago and worse dan me. I always say, 'think,' don't I? No? Well, I do when I tink it in time, sure.

"Well, dat wasn't what I was goin t' tell you bout, only I taut if I didn't tell you, you might tink I was gettin stuck up, hearin all me dude talk and not knowin it was t' please de Duchess.

"It was bout Miss Fannie's weddin I was goin t' tell you. Say, it was a Chim dandy, and de Duchess and me seed it from behind some trees in de music-room, where dere was a band. Dose trees was palm trees what grows in tubs, cept in forn parts, where dey grows out in de country where dere is cocoanuts and tigers, and tings like dat.

"Dere wasn't many folks at de weddin, cause Miss Fannie and Mr. Burton was scared, I guess was de reason. Why, dey was dat scared dey had to be stood up wid. Sure. Dere was a lady stood up wid Miss Fannie, and a mug

stood up wid Mr. Burton, but de Duchess, she says it was only for style; like you might stand in a corner of de ring when your friend is doin a scrap. See?

"De weddin was in de daytime, cause dat's style, too, and I helped Mr. Burton t' get into his togs, and de Duchess she helped Miss Fannie. Mr. Burton near set me crazy wid puttin on and takin off his close, till he'd put on bout a million diffrunt shirts, and near as many coats and pants; and den he was kickin cause they didn't look right. I don't tink he ever would get dressed only de mug wot was goin t' stand up wid him he comes chasin up where we was tryin on new pants in Mr. Burton's rooms, and he pipes off Mr. Burton and says: 'Holly gee!' says he—not in dem words, but dat's what dey meaned—he says: 'Holly gee, old chap, you look like you was goin t' marry a ghost, stid of de prettiest girl in New York. What's de matter wid your nerve?' says he, and den: 'What's de matter wid a small bottle?'

"He was a great jollier, dat mug—it was Mr. Paul—for in a minute he had picked out some close and says dey's de close, and dey was, sure; and den he tells me t' get a small bottle outter de ice-chest, and in a nodder minute he had Mr. Burton all braced and grinnin.

"But let me tell you someting funny; it was just de odder way wid Miss Fannie, so de Duchess was tellin me. She got Miss Fannie all dressed, and she was as cool as a ice-wagon when de lady who was t' stand up in her corner comes in, and den dey falls in each odder's arms and cries like dere was a funeral. What do you tink of it?

"De lady never jollied her, only just had weeps in her eyes, and Miss Fannie she never said nottin, but just had weeps in her eyes.

"I asked de Duchess why didn't she open a small bottle for dem, and de Duchess says what did she want t' spoil de fun for.

"Dat's de way wid women; if you try t' find out what dey do or don't do tings for, you're worse off your base dan before. See? De best way is t' take em as you find em, and try not go crazy tinkin bout it. Dat's right.

"Mr. Burton and me and de mug went up t' de house early, and de Duchess she came downstairs and showed how everyting was fixed, and dey was fixed up t' de limit. Dere was flowers and de band, and a alley tru de parlor made wid wite ribbons, and dere was lots of little tables in de dinin-room and de music-room, where de folks was t' get grub after de wedding, and dere was his Whiskers. Say, you otter seed his Whiskers! He was tellin

Mr. Burton t' be good to Miss Fannie, askin de best man did he have de ring and de license, and de envelope for de parson. Jollyin de Duchess and stringin me, and all de time I was dead on t' him, cause he was doin all dose tings for a bluff. His Whiskers is a dead sport mostly, but dat mornin he came near bein a quitter.

"De best man was onto him, too, and he got him out in de dinin-room for a small bottle. Say, dat mug is a wonder for small bottles, sure. Wedder someting happens or someting don't happen he always says, 'What's de matter wid a small bottle?'

"He's a farmer—I don't tink.

"Well, when all de folks was dere, and de band began a tune, what de Duchess said was a weddin march from 'Lonegrin,' which I don't know where it is, only I knowed it wasn't from Coney Island, den Miss Fannie and his Whiskers wid de lady and dat small-bottle mug comes walkin tru de alley t' where de parson was.

"I never seed no real angels, but I guess if dey's as beautiful as I hear tell, den dey must look like Miss Fannie when Mr. Burton stepped up and took her from her fadder. I was tinkin as I was lookin at her tru de palm trees dat I had someting t' do wid bringin dem togedder, and dat if Mr. Burton wasn't good t' Miss

Fannie I'd put a knock-out pill in his cocktail. I guess I was gettin silly tinkin dose fool tings when de Duchess pinched me and whispers: 'Mon doo! Chimmie,' she says, 'see dat woman by the piano. Her hat ain't on straight!'

"De Duchess and me didn't go wid em on dere weddin journey, and de Duchess was all broke up, cause she said Miss Fannie never could get dressed widout her t' help. But I guess dey didn't have no trouble, cause dey came chasin home all right.

"When dey come back I says, says I: 'How de do, Miss Fannie?' I says, and de Duchess she calls me down hard. 'She is Madam Burtong,' says de Duchess, lookin like she'd take a fall outter me.

"Say, what do you tink Miss Fannie says? She's a dead sport. She says: 'I'd radder be Miss Fannie t' Chames,' she says, like dat, see?

An Impromptu Comedy.

AY, was I tellin you bout dat bull pup?

"Wait till I ast you. Who's dat Farmer Dunn de papers has all de pieces in about him? He's a farmer on de dead square—I don't tink.

"Miss Fannie was goin t' give a house party de odder day, which was t' last tree days, wid felleys and ladies t' come down from de city to our house in de country, where we is stayin since Miss Fannie came back from her weddin journey.

"Well, as I was tellin you, Miss Fannie wanted it t' snow for de house party, so as de folks what comes down from de city could have sleighin and slidin and all dose tings what dey don't has in de city, and what makes you feel all de better when you aint in it, but is sittin round de big log fire in de hall, wid Mr. Paul kinder loafin round t' see dat no one don't die of de tirst.

"Say, dat Mr. Paul is de funniest mug you ever see. He ain't fraid of nottin in de world cept dat somebody will die of tirst. He has some potry he speaks, what was writ by a

kinder Dago, near as I can make out, more years ago dan when de steam cars came down de Bowry.

"Here's de way it goes, someting like dis. See?

"Drink—

"Dat's de way it starts.

"Drink, for you're not on t' where you sneaks from,
nor what was de reason why—

"Dat's de first line, only not quite de way Mr. Paul says it; but it's what de Dago was gettin at when he writ de piece. Den he says:

"Drink—

"See, dats de way de second line begins; just de same as de first. Now watch—

"Drink, for you don't know where you'll skate to,
nor when you'll get de trow down.

"Say, dat's pretty slick, ain't it? Well, Mr. Paul is always spoutin dat and den kinder lookin round t' see if it don't give his Whiskers a tirst, which it mostly does.

"So one day Mr. Burton, what's Miss Fannie's husband, he says t' Mr. Paul, says he, 'Paul,' he says, 'I'm sure you must be pretty fit for writin potry yourself; you recites it so beautiful,' says Mr. Burton.

"Den Miss Fannie laughs in de easy little way what she laughs—like when de mug what plays de flute has de music all t' himself when de odder mugs in de orchestra don't do nottin, and she says: 'I know dat Mr. Paul has a swift Peg Gussie'—which I don't know wedder dats a bull pup or a quarter horse—'for he uster write lovely potry t' me,' says Miss Fannie, 'when I was a little goil.'

"Den Mr. Burton and his Whiskers dey laughed till dey near had fits, and Mr. Paul he looks solemn, and he says dat dose was only practice balls, t' get down t' his curves; but dat he'd done some real ballplaying wid Peg Gussie since den; what makes me tink dat Gussie must be one of dem new players dey's signin for de New York nine.

"Well, Miss Fannie says for Mr. Paul t' read his piece, and he sends me up t' his room after a lot of paper on what de potry he writ was wrote.

"Say, I made all kinds of bluffs bout de room, like I was gettin busy wid doin tings, just t' hear Mr. Paul read dat piece, for it was outer sight. It was good as anyting I ever heard on top of de stage in de Bowry teeater. Sure. It was up t' de limit. It was a play, see? And Mr. Paul he spoke all de pieces what de different folks had t' say.

"I knowed it would kill em dead; and when Mr. Paul was done Miss Fannie said dat de folks what was comin from de city would play de play, and we'd have it in de room what we calls de music-room.

"Well, dat's de way it was. Dat Farmer Dunn I was tellin you of, he knows his business, for he sent de snow Miss Fannie was wantin, and de folks what come t' de house party dey had more fun dan a circus slidin and sleighin and snowballin till de first evenin, when Miss Fannie sprung de play on dem. Den dey all didn't do nottin but just get stagestruck. Mr. Paul was de boss, what dey call de stage manager, and I was propty man, and de Duchess was de costumer, and Miss Fannie was de prompter, so dere never was a minute de Duchess and me wasn't in it, which we mostly is.

"Say, dose folks was so dead stuck on it dat dey hardly laid off long enough to eat dere grub. Miss Fannie she gives a bid for all de swell folks what lives down near where we does t' come t' de show, and on de night we gives it de music-room was jammed like a cable car, and all of us what was behind de stage was like chickens widout no heads, cept Mr. Paul, who was cool as a small bottle.

"Dere was one Willie-boy in de play what had a scene wid a lady dat I was dead stuck

on; I mean de scene I was stuck on, not de lady, cause he had such a corking piece t' say t' her.

"I knowed his lines better dan he did wid hearin him say dem. De lady she knowed her business, too, but de Willie-boy was furder off dan Sandy Hook.

"Well, on de evenin of de play I seen dat little dude tankin up like he had a real man's tirst on. Mr. Paul seen it, too, and he says t' me, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'keep de small bottles away from dat boy or we'll have t' carry him on de stage,' he says.

"Say, dat gives me a jolt in me tinker, see? I was tinkin dat if de Willie-boy got a load on I'd speak his piece, and paralyze de folks. Well, I never hoped t' paralyze em de way I did. When de time was comin near for de curtain t' be pulled up by his Whiskers—what dat was his job—everybody was so busy dey forgot de dude, cept me; and I wasn't doin nottin but just touchin me fore'd and sayin, quiet and polite like, 'Glass of wine, sir?'

"Pretty soon he was so muggy in his little head he didn't know wedder he was in Westchester county or Hoboken, and I was just tankin him along till he was clean dead t' de woild.

"Say, dat's de time I got in me smood work. I took de long coat he had t' wear, and de big soft dicer wid a fedder into it, and de mustache and goatee and de sword, and I puts em on. See?

"Well, de play was goin long like a amblance—it was knockin de folks silly—when de lady de dude was t' say his piece wid gives his cue, what's de word for him t' get a move on.

"Say, me heart was tumpin de ribs outter me nearly and de audince was still as a mice, for de dude has money t' burn a wet dog wid, and was sweet on dat lady besides. De lady gives de cue again, but Willie was just snorin in de corner, so I says t' meself, 'Chimmie,' I says, 'here's where you does yourself proud,' and I rushes on de stage. De lady wasn't on t' me, needer was de audince, but I heard Mr. Paul and Miss Fannie give a groan; but me once bein in de ring, I couldn't lock back.

"Me business was t' skate up t' de lady, kneel down, grab her hand, which was what I done, and den I says:

"Needer war nor war's alarms,
Flood, nor fire, nor friend, nor foe,
Can detain me from your charms—

"But, holly gee! Just den I seed de Duchess in de wings, havin seven fits, and I

clean forgot de next line, and so I yells out, just t' make up de jingle:

"Lady, lady, let her go!

"Den de audince was howlin, and near bustin derselfs wid laughin, but de lady on de stage was so rattled bout her own business dat she never tumbled what was up, and she gives me a kiss, what was what she had t' do, and den de curtain come down wid all de folks chokin derselves blue.

"Say, when de curtain was down Miss Fannie comes t' me cryin. Mr. Paul looks like he was going t' scrap wid me right dere, and his Whiskers was lookin he didn't know what t'ell.

"Den de lady began t' tumble, and she asts what t'ell, only not dose words, and I says I only went on cause de gent what was t' speak de piece was tired. Say, what do you tink dat lady done? She's a dead game sport, she is. She went over t' de corner where de Willie-boy was snoozing, gives him a look, and comes back t' Miss Fannie, and says dat she wanted de play finished wid me in de part. 'I'd radder go on wid a sober man dan a drunken gentleman,' says she, lookin kinder wite round de gills.

"Say, dat's what we done. I'm givin it to you straight. De lady says t' me, 'Chames,'

says she, 'I guess Mr. Paul didn't write our scenes for comic scenes, but we'll give em dat way,' says she, sure.

"Say, I showed em what was actin. I give em de real Bowry touch. Dat's right. De lady was dead game sport, and we killed de whole audince dead every time we was on.

"Early de next day dat Willie-boy chases back t' de city, and dere wasn't nobody up t' see him off, needer. But, say, he was kinder sporty himself, for he never give it away dat it was me what tanked him up. I'd lose me job if he did."

When it Doesn't Rain in London.

ELL, did you see what de papers is printin bout de dudes' close? I mean dose pieces what says what mug has de dead cinch on bein de dandiest dresser on de avnoo?

"Say, what's de matter wid me in dat game? I wears, when I comes t' town, Mr. Paul's close, and me and him is just a fit, cept dat I has t' turn up his pants bout a mile, and his sleeves comes over me knuckles. Dat's right. He's de longest slim-chim you ever see.

"He seed me de odder day when I was all harnessed up in his close t' come in t' de Dog Show t' see could I get track of a good bull pup what Mr. Paul wants t' give t' Miss Fannie. Was I tellin you bout dat bull pup?

"Well, he sees me, and he looks at me solem-like, and he says t' me, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'hold up de tails of your overcoat,' he says.

"'What for?' says I; and he says, 'I wants t' see how far your trousers is turned up;' what is what he calls pants.

"Den I hoists me overcoat like I was a lady crossin de streets in de mud, and Mr. Paul

looks at me pants, what was turned up back so dat de bottoms was near me knees, dey being his pants, like I was tellin you what he give t' me, and he looks at dem a while, smokin his cigar like he was tinkin, and den he says, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'if de little boys in de club windows ever seen you in dose trousers widout de overcoat hidin de roll-up, you'd break dere hearts,' he says, 'cause den dey'd know dat none of dem wasn't no longer in de race t' be king of de dudes.'

"Say, I taut he was just stringin me, and I only touches me hat and says dat I'd keep me coat on so's I wouldn't break dere hearts wid me pants, and den I forgot bout it and come down t' de Dog Show wid de Duchess, what had some errants t' do for Miss Fannie.

"What do you tink happens den? Say, dis is straight. De Duchess and me was skatin round de show, and I was near dead wid de heat, so I took off me overcoat and carried it on me arm. De first ting I knowd everywhere de Duchess and me stopped t' look at a dog dere was always a lot of dose little Willie-boys. Dey would come and stand round wid dere sticks in dere mouts and dere eyes open like dolls. Pretty soon I says t' de Duchess, 'What t'ell!' I says. 'Does dese kids tink we is farmers, or what t'ell?' says I.

"Den de Duchess looks at de little dudes, den she looks at me, and when she seen me pants what went all de way down to me heels and back again t' me knees, she give me de wink t' look at de Willie boys.

"Say, I taut I'd have a fit. Sure. Everyone of dose muglets had turned up his pants as far as mine, and dat left all dere stockings on show. Dey was all lookin as puzzled as if some one had suddent asked em what day it was, or someting hard, like dat, and after a while one of em comes up t' me, and he says, 'Beg pahdon,' he says, like de way dey talk, you know, 'beg pahdon,' says he, 'but would you mind tellin me how you do it?'

"'How I does what, Willie?' I says. Den he says: 'Beg pahdon, my name's not Willie; it's Chawley. How do you turn your trousers up t' your knees, and keep em down t' your shoes at de same time?' he says.

"All de other little dudes crowded round t' hear how I done it, and dey near made me crazy wid de way dey didn't wink, never.

"Den I says: 'Children,' I says, solemn as de Judge in de Tombs, says I, 'Children, I has me pants made a extra foot long on purpose, and dats de way I does it.'

"Dey all taut a while, and den Chawley says to me, he says: 'Beg pahdon, but what

do you do when it doesn't rain in London, and you don't turn up your trousers?'

"Say, I taut for a second dat de dude had trun me down, but I happens to tink bout de way dat I was a lord chap in Chicago dat time wid Mr. Paul, and I says: 'Dere is no use in tellin you unless you is Scotch,' says I. 'I'm Scotch on me modder's side, she bein Lady McFadden-Fadden of Gabberdow, so when it doesn't rain in London I don't wear no pants, I wears a kilt.'

"Say, I was stuck on meself for tinkin of dat, for it made every little Willie blink. If dey had kept dere eyes starin much longer I'd had t' tump some of em just to get a blink out of em, or else I'd gone clean daffy.

"Den de Duchess and me chases ourselves out of de Garden wid all de little muglets trottin after us till de Duchess made me put on me overcoat, for fear some of em might folley us clean home, when Mr. Paul would tink I'd bought home more puppies dan he wanted."

A Sporty Boston Boy.

A SPORTY BOSTON BOY.

F ever I get old enough t' know what's good for me, I'll go into de freak shows as de mug what discovered Harlem. I always upsets de growler just when it's full, and dat's why I aint stuck on meself. See? Everyting up to our house was runnin slick as a amblance, and tings was comin my way so fast I was near breakin me neck dodgin em. Dat's good nough for a mug like me, aint it? Sure.

"Well, lemme tell you. I was out in de barn teachin de coachman's kid dat old song which, him being a farmer, he didn't know:

"Daddy wouldn't buy me de Bowry,
Daddy wouldn't buy me de Bowry,
He bought me Central Park,
But dat's no good after dark,
And I'd rader he had bought de Bow-wow-wow-ry.

"Say, I was just tellin him I'd give him one more chanst to sing it right or I'd tump him, when in comes his Whiskers, wid a mug what comes from Boston t' visit us. Say, I was on t' dat mug when he was to our house before, and I puts him up for a sporty boy. See?

"Well, he comes out dere t' look at a horse what his Whiskers got for Miss Fanny to try. He knows a horse, dat Boston mug does, when he sees one. I fetches de horse outter de stall and was holdin him while dey was pipin him off. All of a sudden dat Boston mug says t' his Whiskers, he says, 'Don't you know any sloggin match on for to-night?' says he.

"Say, his Whiskers looked like he was paralyzed, and I seen him wink at de mug and tip me off like he was tellin him for t' hold his mout in front of me. See? Say, dat mug was a sport, sure, for he let on he didn't tumble t' what t'ell his Whiskers was givin him, and he says, givin me de wink on de dead quiet, says he, 'Dis boy of yours looks like he would know where a innocent gent from Boston could find a little scrap on de quiet,' he says, like dat. See? Dem's his very words. 'A innocent gent from Boston.' Aint dey great? Say, dat mug is no farmer, if he does live a long way from de Bowry. Sure.

"Den his Whiskers he kinder laughed and called him de worst name I ever heard in me life. I couldn't just get on, but it was something like 'uncorgible,' not just dat, but like dat. It was a corker.

"Wid dat his Whiskers sent de coachman's kid away and he shut de door, and he says t'

me, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'Chames, me friend from Boston is a student of human nature,' he says like dat. 'And if you are onto a boxin match anywhere to-night,' he says, 'praps you could bring us dere widout Miss Fannie knowin it.' Dat's what he says. Jollyin me, see? Say, I taught I'd die, cause I couldn't laugh, but I says, sober as a judge in de Tombs, I says, 'De Rose Leaf Social Outin and Life Savin Club has a scrap on to-night,' says I, 'and I could get you in dere for a plunk each.'

"I knowed de tickets was only twenty-five cents, but I taut as his Whiskers was jollyin me I'd jolly him. See? Den de Boston sport, he says, sober as me, says he, 'You go and fix tings, and we'll meet you after dinner,' says he, and he flashed up a fiver. Dat's straight; a clean green fiver. He's a dead sport, dat mug.

"Well, I told em where t' meet me at nine o'clock, and I made a sneak down t' de Bowry t' fix tings wid me friend de barkeep, what's President of de Rose Leafs. When I told de barkeep dat de swell gents was comin t' meet me in his place, he never charged nottin for de tickets.

"Well, at nine o'clock dey comes chasin up t' de door in a hack and, holly gee! who do you tink was wid em? Mr. Burton, Miss Fanny's husband, sure. Mr. Burton says,

when dey chases in de place, says he, 'Good evenin, Mr. Fadden,' he says, as polite as dat; 'Good evenin, Mr. Fadden.' Dat was because he was tryin t' string de crowd dere, and make em tink de swells wasn't no swells, but was friends of mine; was coachmen or butlers or tings like dat. See? Say, dat's where dey was farmers. De crowd dere was dead on to onct. Dere ain't nobody can string dose Rose Leaves. Dey don't live far from de Bowry, and none of em has been doin any farmin since yesterday. But me friend de barkeep he gives de gang de wink and den de gang pretended not t' be on to me company.

"Next, me friend de barkeep tips us de wink and we makes a sneak after him t' de back room, where de scrappin was. Say, you would a died t' see de sporty boy from Boston jolly up de game. He chipped in for de purse, and he trowed schooners down his face, till de gang was all stuck on his style. But his Whiskers was kinder cranky and off his base, and kept his eye on de door all de time. Well, two mixed-ale fedder-weights was sloggin each odder good for de first purse, when his Whiskers, all of a sudden, near fell off his chair, and he groans, 'De police!'

"Dat's what dey was, sure nough; de cops. Dey come in de front door and de back

door, and dere was a cop at de window. De gang was near paralyzed. Say, I didn't know what t'ell, cause I was tinkin what Miss Fannie would say if she ever heard. De first ting de sporty boy says was t' tell me to fix de cops, and he shoved a wad in me fist. I knowed de cop what was bossin de raid, and I knowed dere was no fixin him wid de stuff. But I collared de wad, just as hard, and went over and whispers to de cop, 'Do you know Senator Burton?' I whispered.

"'Sure,' said he.

"'Well, dat's him,' I says, noddin to Miss Fannie's husband.

"De cop looks over and says, says he, 'What t'ell! dat's straight sure; but what's he doin here?'

"'He's wid a couple of members from Albany,' I says, 'vestigatin de slums,' I says.

"Say, I give him de glad lie so straight dat it went. See?

"De cop says, 'Sneak em outter here quick,' he says, and he give de tip t' de cop on de door, while I chases out wid me swell company. De hack was outside and dey all jumps in, and I jumps on de box wid de driver. All de way up t' de club I heard em laughin inside, and when I gets down to open de door his Whiskers was tellin em not to give him away to Miss Fannie.

"Den his Whiskers says to me, 'Chames,' he says, 'you go home and keep your mout shut,' says he.

"'Yes, sir,' I says, and hands back de wad t' de sporty Boston.

"He looks at it, and den at me, and he says, 'What's dis? Didn't you use it?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'I squared it wid de Senator's pull,' I says.

"When dey heard how I done it, dey gives me a great jolly, and de Boston mug gives me back de wad and says, 'Chames, let dis be a lesson to you,' he says, 'and lead no more innocent gents from Boston t' de Bowry no more,' says he, and dey all chases in de club.

"Say, what do you tink dere was in dat wad? Dere was fifty plunks. Dat's right. Fifty good long greens.

"De next day I gives me friend de barkeep twenty-five plunks, for dat's what de judge fined him; and I was feelin pretty good, till I got home, and holly gee! how de Duchess did jump me wid bot feet.

"Say, what do you tink? De whole game was give to Miss Fannie by a ijet dude what heard it at de club. De dude meets Miss Fanny on de street and tells her de whole yarn, she pretendin all de time dat she didn't care, so

de dude couldn't have no laugh on Mr. Burton and his Whiskers. Ain't she a torrowbred?

"But when she gets home she near had a fit, and de Duchess she near had a fit, cause Miss Fannie said it was me what was de wicked mug, and den I near had a fit wid de Duchess jawin so, and I didn't know what t'ell. De Duchess calls me a 'leetle beast,' what's her forn way when she's sore.

"Well, Miss Fannie sent for me and I gives her a great song and dance bout how de gents was only wantin t' do de slums, and never meant to see no scrappin. Miss Fannie said she blamed me most for 'leadin Mr. Burton astray, what was a most innocent young man.' Wid dat de Duchess gives me a wink what made me want t' laugh so hard dat dere was weeps in me eyes, and Miss Fannie, tinking I was cryin, called de game off, and I chases out wid de Duchess after me. De Duchess never let up on me till I had coughed up dose twenty-five plunks.

"Say, I aint playin in no luck. De next time dat sporty Boston boy tackles me for a scrap I'll give him one, instead of fetchin him to one. See?"

A Kiss is Fair Game.

R. PAUL is a farmer—I don't tink. Why, he's slick as dey makes em; and dough he looks like he was tired t' deat, I'm tinkin he could give weight to any one in his class and lose em in de turn.

A KISS IS FAIR GAME.

"Dat's right. He was a winner at our Christmas tree what we had down at our place in de country where we is stoppin till Miss Fannie —scuse me! I forgot. De Duchess said I was t' keep me mout shut bout Miss Fannie, and dat's why we is staying in de country. No, you needn't wink at me. I ain't sayin nottin, cept bout dat Christmas tree.

"Well, as I was tellin you, we had de tree at our house, and all de dude folks round dere came in de afternoon wid dere kids. Miss Fannie was dead set on havin all de folks bring dere kids and dere presents to our tree. And such kids! Say, dey wasn't much like de kids Miss Fannie uster take grub to and jolly up dere modders when I first knowd her down in de east side. Dey were all like dose fairies what's into plays out on top of de stage, only dese was de real ting, no make-believe. Dey was outter

sight wid dere pretty close, and dere pretty hair, and dere pretty faces.

"De funniest ting bout em was dat dey didn't seem t' be in nobody's way, as de kids where I uster live always was; and dey wasn't fraid of nobody needer, like dey taut dey was sure to get a tumpin pretty soon.

"Say, you otter seen his Whiskers! He was dressed up like a mug dey called Santa Claus, wid whiskers all over him and furs and a beak—say, Mr. Paul painted his Whiskers's beak, and you could seen it a mile tru a fog! It was a peach!

"Well, me and Mr. Paul and his Whiskers was in a side room waitin for de kids all t' get in de parlor, and his Whiskers was all de time sayin dat his Santa Claus close fitted him too warm, and Mr. Paul was all de time tellin me to open small bottles so as t' cool off Santa Claus; and before de tree was ready his Whiskers didn't know wedder his name was Santa Claus or Dennis. When we went t' de tree all de kids and all dere mudders and all dere dads was dere, and Miss Fannie was dere, and de Duchess was dere—say, dat Duchess always sneaks in on a bluff dat she's helpin, which she never ain't, only just pipin tings t' talk bout em—and den we gives out de presents. De first crack his Whiskers makes to get down a present he

near knocks over de dinky tree. Den Miss Fannie comes up, and she gives Mr. Paul a look like she was onto what he'd been doin, but she only says, jolly like: 'Let's do it dis way, fadder,' she says. 'Mr. Paul will read off de name; Chames,' meanin me, 'Chames will reach down de presents, and yuse'll give it t' de child what it's for,' says she. See?

"So dat's de way we done; and pretty soon all de kids had so many presents dey couldn't pack em round. Den dey had dere grub, and den dey went home wid de servants, and den de old folks had dere grub. It was after dat dat Mr. Paul played de game I was tellin you bout. Before dinner he made a sneak into de rooms where he knowd all de folks would go after dinner, and he tied a piece of mistletoe on de carpets what hangs between de rooms—de carpets what dey calls de porteers, you know.

"Say, I seen him doin it, and I says t' de Duchess, says I, 'What t'ell,' I says, 'what t'ell is his game, tyin a dinky piece of tree on de porteers?' I says.

"Den she tells me dat it was mistletoe, and dat any man what catched a girl under it had a dead right t' kiss her. Never mind wedder she's married or not, de mug had de law on his side, and nobody had a license t' kick. Dat was de ghost story de Duchess gives me, and

when I tells her dat she was lying she just laughed and said for me to wait and see.

"De Duchess felt so good bout it dat I guess she taut some one might catch her dere. But I looked after dat meself.

"Say, as I was tellin you, de folks all went in dose rooms after dinner, and nobody noticed de mistletoe cept Mr. Paul, who was all de time sorter loafin round dere like you'd tink dere must be a small bottle dere.

"Well, pretty soon me and de Duchess, we was peekin in tru some odder porteers, and we seen Miss Fannie walking from one room t' de odder, and she had t' go straight under de mistletoe. Dere stood Mr. Paul. De Duchess gives me a pinch.

"Say, dis is straight: de second Miss Fannie gets under dat mistletoe Mr. Paul steps up, cool and quiet, puts one hand under her chin, pushes up her face, and gives her a kiss on de mout. Smack on de mout, I'm tellin you.

"Dat's right. Miss Fannie looks near paralyzed, and turns wite. Den Mr. Paul he smiled, and pointed up t' de mistletoe, and everybody looked, and dey all laughed and clapped dere hands.

"His Whiskers he called out, 'Dat's fair game, Fannie, dat's fair game.'

"Den all de men dey begins t' put up jobs t' get de ladies t' walk from one room t' de odder; and say, you never seed so many tings de ladies in one room had t' go and tell de ladies in de odder, till dey had a regular circus in dere.

"Bime by Miss Fannie came out t' where we was t' order some punch sent in dere, and she asked de Duchess if she knew who tied dat mistletoe up.

"I give de Duchess de wink t' keep her mout shut, but she said: 'Chames saw Mr. Paul,' says she, 'saw Mr. Paul tyin it up before dinner,' says she.

"Say, I taut Miss Fannie would sure give me a jawin for not tellin her before dinner. But she didn't."

The Little Miss Fannie.

BUSY! Say, if it was anybody but you I wouldn't stop even t' say howdy. Yes, dat's right. I taut you might guess it. It's a girl—anodder Miss Fannie. De granfadder — dat's his Whiskers, you know—is so stuck on himself dat he can't do nottin but shake hands wid himself and de neighbors; de dad, dat's Mr. Burton, ain't come out of his trance yet; Mr. Paul is openin small bottles all de time; de Duchess can't take a minute off from fightin de nurse, so I has t' do all de comin t' town t' get tings. I guess if it wasn't for me de little Miss Fannie wouldn't have no show on eart.

"Say, de whole house is daffey, only cept Miss Fannie and me. I ain't seen her yet, only onct when she was sittin up talkin t' de little one in just a kinder quiet coaxy voice when de nurse was asleep and Miss Fannie's room only had de firelight, and de Duchess she sneaked de door open a crack so as I could look in t' make sure wid me own eyes dat Miss Fannie was all right. She was sittin in front of de fire holdin de little one what she'd taken out of de basket

by her side, and when I seen her, why, den I didn't say nottin. Dey was all right, and I felt like I had a cinch on heaven.

"Well, as I was tellin you, when little Miss Fannie come, dat was bout tree weeks ago, Mr. Paul he chased hisself down t' de city pretendin he had t' look for a bull pup.

"Say, was I tellin you bout dat bull pup? He was down here two days when his Whiskers told me t' telegraph for him, cause, says he, dere ain't nobody but Mr. Paul knows where de wine was put in de cellar what we bought for dis casion.

"It was before he come back dat de Duchess had her first scrap wid de nurse. Say, dat was a daisy, and de Duchess win in a romp.

"Lemme tell you. De doctor says dat de nurse was in charge when de doctor was away, and de nurse tinks dat dat gives her de house to own all for her lonely. See?

Dat lets de Duchess out, and she was dead sore, and I seed dat she was goin t' run tings bout Miss Fannie like she always has or have a fit, and de Duchess ain't stuck on fits.

"So one day de Duchess sneaked in Miss Fannie's rooms when de nurse was out, and in bout a minute she had de blinds and curtains up, and lots of sunshine in. And Mr. Burton she let in, and his Whiskers she let in, and de

Duchess had little Miss Fannie up and showin it t' its fadder and grandfadder, and de Duchess was singin one of dose dinky little French songs she sings, and tings was just jollyin along beautiful when de nurse tried to get in de rooms; but de Duchess had locked all de doors. Den I sneaked up t' de nurse like I had been posted by de Duchess to do, and I says, says I, 'De doctor's just comin up de drive, nurse.'

"Den de nurse she says t' me, says she: 'Tell dat French cat,' meanin de Duchess, 'tell dat French cat t' let me in before de doctor comes. If you don't, I'm ruined in me business.'

"So I gives de signal on de door, and de Duchess opens it and says, wid more style on her dan a blue-ribbon winner, says she, 'Oh, is it you, nurse? Well, be careful, now, not t' disturb tings as I've ranged them. Dat's a good woman.'

"Dat's de way de Duchess got hold of tings, and now she and de nurse is scrappin most of de time t' see which is the best man, and it's a good fight as it lays.

"Say, de first time Mr. Burton was act if he would hold de kid he got wite in de gills and near fainted, and wouldn't hold it for fear of breakin it. Den his Whiskers he held it, and it was Miss Fannie what near had de fit, as de

Duchess was tellin me; and what t'ell I want t' know is why Miss Fannie wanted her husband t' hold de little Fannie when he never was a fadder before, and was afraid t' have his Whiskers hold de kid when he's been a fadder for twenty-five years.

"Dat's de funny ting bout women. Dey tinks dere husbands knows more dan dere fadders, dat dey knows more demselves dan dere husbands, and dat dere fadders knows more dan demselves. You can't make dat game fit togedder no way; dere is always one chicken outer de coop. See?

"Well, s'long. I has a lot of tings t' chase after, and now dat I'm down in de city I guess I'll look up a bull pup.

"Say, was I tellin you bout de bull pup?"

At the Ulalee Club.

YOU otter been wid us de odder night, when me and de Duchess, and me friend de barkeep and his lady friend, was t' de ball of de Ulalee Club. You remember dat Ulalee what was over here from some dago country de time me and de Duchess was married, what dey fired all de guns on de gunboats off for? Sure, dat's de one I means. Well, me friend de barkeep and some of his friends forms a club for a mask ball, and calls it de Ulalee Club, after her, cause dey say she was a dead game sport, only she had her company manners on when she was here, and never had no chanst t' show her gait.

"Say, you know I ain't stuck on society, and I never would have gone t' de ball only when me friend de barkeep sends me de invites I taut it would do de Duchess no harm if she took a little turn in society, she bein cooped up wid Miss Fannie and de little Miss Fannie till she wasn't right. She wasn't fit, dat's what I mean; she was overtrained. See?

"So I says t' her, says I, 'Duchess,' I says, 'what's de matter wid us sneakin t' de city for

de Ulalee ball, and doin a turn in society? I wonder you wouldn't give de boys and girls a treat, cause nobody ain't seen us since de little Miss Fannie has came.'

"'Dat's all right wid you, Cheems,' says she, 'cause you can tell Mr. Burton you're goin down t' de city t' look up a bull pup, but I ain't got no game to play like dat,' she says.

"Dat was only a song and dance de Duchess was givin me, and I knowed dat de real reason she was leary bout goin was cause she was havin dat same old fight wid de nurse, and she didn't want t' give de nurse a innins when she wasn't round t' play ball, too. See? De Duchess is fraid dat if she ain't dere de whole time dat de nurse will swipe little Miss Fannie and de Duchess will get de trow-down for not bein dere.

"Say, I never seen such a lot of daffey folks, anyhow. De whole gang is down on dere shin bones de whole time t' little Miss Fannie, and I wouldn't tink I was earnin me wages if it wasn't for Mr. Paul sayin what was de matter wid me openin a small bot for him and his Whiskers and Mr. Burton pretty often. Mr. Paul has stopped countin de small bots since he heard he was t' be de godfadder.

"But let me tell you bout de ball. I told de Duchess, what t'ell, I told her. I says dat if

she didn't want t' go I'd take Maggie de housemaid, what she was a good little girl. Dat settled it. De Duchess she went, and never peeped bout, havin no game t' sneak on.

"Say, de Duchess was a fairy dat night. We went first wid her bag t' de place where me friend de barkeep's lady friend lives.

"Well, dere de Duchess put on her ball close, and den de four of us chases t' de ball in a carriage me friend had. Oh, he ain't no farmer!

"De goils had on masks, and early in de evenin we didn't do much but sit in de box of me friend and drink beer and jolly de boys and girls who was dancin. It was dead slow, dough; and me friend was near crazy cause dere was a big crowd dere and every one was spectin dey was goin t' have a corkin time, but dey mostly looked like dey was all tree-times losers.

"Me friend de barkeep had put his own good plunks in de ball, and if it was a frost he never could give anodder, and he was usin some beautiful lanwudge cause dere wasn't no high kickin.

"Den de Duchess and de odder goil began whisperin togedder, and pretty soon dey says what's de matter wid our goin on de floor and havin a quadrille.

"Say, honest, I never taut nottin was up till de music was goin and we'd backed and for'd twict, and den all of a suddint, when de Duchess and her friend went 'ladies for'd,' dey bote let go; and holly gee! I never knowed de Duchess could do it! I'll give it to you straight, dey bote kicked so high dere feet met clean up in de air!

"I was near paralyzed, but I didn't say nottin, cause de crowd jammed round us and gave de goils de cheer, and den we all four danced t' beat 'ell.

"Say, it was more fun dan you ever seen. I'm a pretty good kicker for high meself, and so is me friend de barkeep; and seein we was in for it, I says t' meself, says I, 'What t'ell! Let her go, Chimmie,' I says; and we just shook de odder two couple in de set and did de greatest kickin dere ever was at a ball or I'm a farmer.

"Say, we was rollin it high, sure, when dere in de front of de crowd what was singin and clappin and shoutin for us I seen his Whiskers yellin like de horse he had his money on was winnin by a nose. He didn't see me, cause he was watchin de goils wid bote eyes.

"When de dance was over his Whiskers was makin a break for de goils, cause he didn't

know de Duchess, she havin her mask on; but I just steps up to him, and givin him de salute, I says, 'Any orders, sir?'

"Say, I taut he'd fall in a fit, but he made de grand brace, and says dat, feelin radder tired wid all de worry and anxiety—dem's his words—de anxiety bout Miss Fannie and de kid, he taut he'd relax himself wid a little innocent amusement. I needn't say anyting bout it at home, he says, cause it might not be understood. Dat's de little song he sung me, wid me standin wid me fingers at me for'd, and never even blinkin.

"De Duchess seen me wid his Whiskers, and she chases up and says, 'Cheems won't say nottin bout it,' says she, 'and he wouldn't say nottin even if you sent some wine up t' box 19,' she says t' him; she not blinkin, needer.

"Say, what de you tink of dat goil? Ain't she a torrowbred? When his Whiskers heard her voice, he kinder smiled and says: 'Dat's a very good suggestion, Hortense,' he says. 'I'll remember box 19 for de pleasure your dancin gave me,' says he.

"Well, he didn't forget, cause a waiter comes along to our box pretty soon and says dat de manager says our box has credit for all de wine we wants, and we was wantin it pretty hard de rest of de night. Dat dance started de

odder high kickers, and de ball was real elegant after dat.

"De next day I had t' chase round after a bull pup, cause dat's what I told Mr. Burton I was comin t' town for. Was I tellin you bout dat bull pup? No? Well, any old day will do t' tell you bout dat."

The False Vaudeville Star.

OH, dat Duchess'll be de deat of me. Sure. De funniest ting bout women is dat dey is always givin you a game what ain't straight when a straight game wouldn't do em no harm. See?

"Lemme tell you. De odder day de Duchess says t' me, says she, 'Chames,' she says, 'I has t' have de dentiss fix me toot,' says she. 'Make a sneak wid me t' de city,' cause we is down in de country yet, what I was tellin you of. Den I says t' her, 'What t'ell?' says I. 'What's de matter wid tellin Miss Fannie dat de dentiss mug has t' fix your toot?' I says.

"Say, what do you tink dat Duchess says? She says dat if she tells Miss Fannie what she's goin for, Miss Fannie'll tink she's lyin, but if she lies t' her, Miss Fannie'll tink she's tellin de trut. Dat's right. Dem's de very song and dance de Duchess gives me. Dat's de way wid most folks and all forn women.

"Well, I told Mr. Burton would he give me a day off t' go t' de city t' see bout a bull pup Mr. Paul was wantin t' buy; and de Duchess, she told Miss Fannie she wanted t' chase

long wid me, so I wouldn't get in no trouble—dat's what dat goil says—and so we chases up here t' de city togedder.

"When we gets t' Fift avnoo and Forty-second street I says t' de Duchess, 'Where's de dentiss mug?' I says, and she gives me de laugh and says did I tink she was goin t' have her toot fixed, and I says 'What t'ell?' I says.

"Dere was dat goil givin me one steer, and givin Miss Fannie anodder steer, and dey was bote crooked as a dog's hind leg, widout no use of bein crooked. Say, ain't dem women queer folks? Dey's chim dandies—I don't tink.

"Den I says t' de Duchess dat I had t' see bout de bull pup anyway, what was in a stable on Twenty-sevent street, and she says what was de matter wid our floatin down de avnoo and givin de town a treat, seein as how dey didn't see much more of us nowdays dan dey do de backs of dere necks. So we floated.

"Say, next t' de Bow'ry I tink de avnoo's de slickest ting in town. I was singin dat kind of a song t' de Duchess on one side of me, and winkin t' me friends on de boxes of de carriages on de odder side of me, and feelin like a tree-time winner wid no one t' divvy wid, when all of a suddint a mug runs into me and says, 'Hello, Chimmie!' he says. 'Lookin at your

brown-stone fronts?' says he. It was me friend de barkeep, de mug what was at de ball where me and de Duchess was, what I was tellin you bout. Don't you remember? I says 'howdy' t' him, and he say, 'Give us a knock down t' de lady,' says he, bein perlite; but I was tinkin de Duchess would kick. Dat's where I didn't know me business, cause de Duchess she fetches a bow dat near paralyzes de avnoo, and says she has de honor.

"Say, I must be a farmer, cause when de Duchess gives me friend a invite t' float down de avnoo wid us I didn't tumble dat de Duchess was up t' no game. Well, we went t' de stable, where I seen de owner of de bull pup, and he's de biggest tief outter de Tombs, cause he wouldn't take less dan de pup is wort; and den we floated long till we come clean down t' de end of de avnoo, where dere is dat big marble mantel piece for Gen. Washington, what discovered New York. Dat's right. Den it was de Duchess says all of a suddint, like her back hair was down and she'd just found it out, says she: 'Why, Chames,' she says, 'how funny,' like dat. See? And I says t' her: 'What t'ell?' I says, cause I knowed she had some game. 'Why,' she says, lookin round like she was wakin up, 'here wese is near de restaurant of de White Pup.'

"Say, me friend de barkeep tumbled quicker dan I did, cause he chipped in, quick: 'Den what's de matter,' says he, 'wid our goin over dere t' lunch?' he says.

"I tink it's always de mug what ain't de lady's husband what tinks of tings like dat sooner dan de mug dat is. Sure.

"Den de Duchess says, smood as silk: 'It's just as Chames says,' says she, givin me arm a pinch what near made me squeal.

"So we went over 't Sout Fift avnoo, t' de White Pup, and soon as we got in de restaurant a goil chases up t' de Duchess and says: 'Why, Hortense,' she says, cause dat's de Duchess's name, 'why, Hortense, I was fraid you wasn't comin at all,' she says.

"Den I knowd I'd been a farmer, a dead farmer, for I seen den dat de Duchess had de game put up from de start, and she was just down t' de city for a racket.

"Say, dem goils was terrors. Sure. When de Duchess had knocked down me and me friend de barkeep t' de odder goil, who is a lady's maid, like de Duchess, me friend de barkeep sets up de lunch like de real gent dat he is, and den de goils says what's de matter wid goin t' de matinee at de vaudeville. De goils was jollyin me friend de barkeep so dat he wanted to order a carriage t' go in; but I says

dat de elevated is pretty good in muddy wedder, cause you don't have t' turn up your pants in de elevated, and dat's de way we went.

"Say, I was goin t' tell you bout dat Duchess near bein de deat of me. Lemme tell you what she done: We got t' de vaudeville and dere was a nice lookin little mug standin near de front door kinder lookin round like he'd lost someting, and de Duchess and de odder goil was jabberin dat forn French talk when we was goin by de mug up t' de ticket office. De mug looked hard at de Duchess, and den he waltzes up t' her and lifts his dicer and says: 'Beg pardon, but is dis Madam Hortense?'

"Say, honest, I was just goin t' scrap wid him, when de Duchess gives me de wink, quick, and says, 'Oui,' she says, 'Oui,' and gives me a nudge t' look at a big bill what was posted up on de boards by de side of de door, what said in letters bout a mile high a whole lot of lingo what was all bout Madam Hortense what was goin to do a song and dance at dat vaudeville teeater de next week.

"Say, I'm givin it to you straight; dat mug he waltzes us in tru de door widout no tickets; waltzes us into a box, chases de waiter out after wine, and near broke his neck sayin how glad he was Madam Hortense had came, and pretty soon chases himself out after de waiter,

what must had de springhalt, he was so slow wid de fizz.

"Den de Duchess tells us all, quick, t' jolly de game; dat de little mug was de manager, and took her for a new star what had just came from France, what she'd read of; and dat we'd own de house in a minute if de real Hortense didn't come and queer de game.

"Say, you never seed nottin like it! De manager he come wid de waiter and wine, and dudes came wid flowers; de actors on top of de stage, when dere pieces was tru, come and shook hands, and de dudes orders wine; and all de time de Duchess let on she couldn't say a word of American, and I had t' tell em what she was sayin. I'd died sure, only me friend de barkeep and dat odder goil helps long de jolly. De Duchess had more flowers dan she could carry, and de whole gang had bout all de wine dey could carry, when de manager got a card what a waiter fetches him dat nearly paralyzed him. He looked at de card, den he looked at de Duchess; den he said, like de wind had been knocked outter him: 'Is dis lady's name Hortense Fourette?' he says.

"Den I jumps up and says, 'Dis lady's name,' says I, 'is Hortense Fadden,' I says.

"Say, I taut for a minute dat mug was goin t' have a fit. He looked at de Duchess, and

he looked at de card, and den he gives me de wink t' come wid him out in de hall. When I chases out wid him he says t' me dere was a mistake, and asks me who de Duchess was. Den I says she's me wife, 'Madam Hortense de Chimmie Fadden,' and what was de matter wid dat? I says. He looks kinder sick, and says dat if de owner knowed he'd been blowin off wine on de wrong star he'd get it where de giraffe got de sore troat—in de neck. Den I made a bluff bout bein too proud t' bunco de house on no confidence game, and said I'd tell de owner all bout it. 'Holly gee!' says de mug, 'don't do dat,' he says, and slips me a fiver, and I winks at him and he winks at me and chases hisself off t' see de real star.

"Den I goes back in de box and flashes de fiver at de Duchess. Say, do you know what dat goil done? She makes me friend de barkeep pack out all dose roses for de odder goil, and when we was in de street she says, just as soft as a kid, 'Chames, give me de fiver. Me toot feels much better now,' says she. 'We must go back t' de country, for de city's too wicked for us.'

"Say, she ain't so worse—I don't tink. See?"

Chimmie and Little Miss Fannie.

ONG time I don't see you. Well, we has been down to our place in de country all dis time, and was so busy doin nottin dat dere wasn't no time t' come chasin up t' town, cept dat his Whiskers took a whirl into de city onc't in a week or so just t' see dat dere wasn't no roof bein put over Fift avnoo t' keep de sun from freckling de Willie boys.

CHIMMIE AND LITTLE MISS FANNIE.

"Mr. Paul and Mr. Burton was off on Mr. Paul's yacht, so I had t' stay t' home t' keep tings goin proper, and see dat everybody in de county took all de notice dey could of little Miss Fannie. Dat's Miss Fannie's kid, and it's more fun dan a chowder party. Say, dere ain't no one can make dat kid close its face so sudden as me, cept Miss Fannie herself. De odder day Miss Fannie drove over t' de village, shoppin, takin de Duchess along wid her, and left de kid wid de nurse, sayin dat she'd be back before de kid had any business t' wake up, but if she did wake up den she was not t' be let t' cry, cause dat would spoil its disposition. Dat's de very word she used, 'disposition,' which I tinks must be de boardin

school word for mout, as de kid's mout is de only part of her what seems t' be spoilin when she cries.

"Well, I was out on de lawn tellin de gardner how t' cut de grass, and dat he said was a big bluff, cause I never seen no grass only what grows in City Hall Park till last year. We was jollyin like dat when I hears little Miss Fannie set up a yell what dey must have heard on de yachts out on de Sound. I went over t' de verandy where de kid was lyin on a pillow in de hammock, and she had turned over on her face and couldn't come right. De nurse was off havin a small chat wid de butler, which I'll take a fall outter some old day, so I tinks 'what t'ell.' I tinks, cause de Duchess had told me never t' take de kid up for fear of breakin it.

"Say, do you know what I done? I says t' de kid, says I, 'Little Miss Fannie,' I says, 'you is down, but not out, and is entitled t' de benefit of de rule.' See? So I counted off ten seconds, but de kid couldn't get up, and so den I picks her up, and she looks at me like she was sayin, 'Well, Chames, you has some sense,' but she was so mad at de nurse she kept right on spoilin her disposition; bawlin like her grip had got stranded in de cable and she couldn't let go.

"Say, I was more crazy, cause I was tinkin bout what de Duchess had warned me, and I didn't know but dat I'd fetched someting loose in de kid's kit, and it might go off its feed, and den Miss Fannie would have a fit; and only dat de gardner was lookin at me and sayin, 'I guess, Chames, you learned t' be a nurse where you learned to cut grass;' only for dat I'd trun little Miss Fannie in de hammock and chased after de nurse.

"So I says t' de gardner, says I: 'Where I came from folks learns all sorts of tings,' I says, 'even t' not talkin too much,' says I, and I gives de kid a toss in me two arms, like dey was a cradle, and I starts singin to it. Say, you never heard me chant, did you? Well, dere ain't many in it wid me on or off de Bowry when it comes t' singin. Why, de very minute I pipes up, little Miss Fannie shuts her face and looks at me, sprised like, at first, and den she starts t' laughin as hard as his Whiskers when he tells a story after his second bot. Dis is de song I sung, and it goes wid any old Irish tune:

Wan marnin early Oi arose
And Oi put on me workin close,
And phare in th' wurruld d'ye think Oi goes?
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

Dthe spheedway thrack dthey're buildin dthere,
But all us terriers live afar
From Cherry Hill, wid divil a car—
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

It's dthere yez work wid pick and drill;
And dthere wid work yez get yer fill;
And dthere wid work yer toim yez fill—
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

Shure, whin our daily work is o'er,
Bedad, our bones is tired and sore,
And we'll be glad to tramp no more
Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

"Say, I made a hit dat time if I never did before in me life. Little Miss Fannie wouldn't let me stop till I'd sung dat song near a million times; me walkin up and down de verandy wid her all de time till I was so hot I had a tirst on me like a man what had been runnin a lawn-mower in de sun all day. I was just tinkin dat me arms would drop off in anodder minute if de kid didn't go t' sleep, when she shut her eyes, and dat minute Miss Fannie and de Duchess drove into de gate.

"Say, I didn't know what t'ell, cause I didn't know how t' put de kid back in de hammock, cause its head was where its feet was before, and I couldn't turn it round, and of

course I couldn't run out and hold de horse, like I ought to, wid de kid in me arms. Not knowin what else t' do, I runs out t' de cart, and, handin de kid to Miss Fannie, who was near paralyzed wid sprise, I says, 'Miss Fannie,' says I, 'just take de kid easy so as not t' wake her, and I'll take de horse,' I says, and den I began again:

Up! up! up! up! t' Wan Hoondred and Ninety-sixth street.

"De Duchess looked like she'd take a fall outter me de first chanst she'd get, but Miss Fannie jumped from de cart, and seein dat de kid was sleepin as fine as a mud turtle she laughed and says: 'Why, Chames,' says she, takin little Miss Fannie, 'you're de best nurse dere is in de house, cept me. We was delayed in de village, and it's past de hour for de baby's dinner, and mostly nobody can't quiet her at dose times cept me. Dat must be a very lullin song you sung."

"'Lullin,' says I, 'you're straight; it is a lulu.'

"So dat night Miss Fannie told all de folks at dinner what a lulu I was, and his Whiskers, he says, 'Chames,' says he, 'you has done yourself so proud dat I tink you is due on a day off, and to-morrow you can go

t' de city and look at a bull pup I has me eye on,' he says.

"Dat's de way I happens t' be down here t' day. I'm just goin t' look at dat bull pup. Was I tellin you bout him?"

The Duchess Plays Even.

'RAPS, de Duchess will get me turned down so hard one of dese days I'll never get de wrinkles took outter me. Sure. I'd get dead sore on de Duchess if it wasn't dat she's de boss jollier you ever seed, and you can't keep mad wid her long. We is all down at Mr. Burton's place in de country yet, and I'm up in de city to-day tendin to sendin some tings down dere what dose fool servants didn't pack up when we went down. I has t' do all dose tings now, de Duchess and me has to, cause Miss Fannie won't let no one else do em for her, and I guess dey'd all starve t' deat and not have no close t' wear if it wasn't for me takin care of em.

THE DUCHESS PLAYS EVEN.

"We went t' de country just before de lection cause his Whiskers and Mr. Burton and Mr. Paul used t' jaw and jaw so much bout politics and bosses and Mugwumps and dinky tings like dose dat Miss Fannie she just bundled de whole gang off t' de country, where dey'd have someting else t' jaw bout and couldn't vote. We is goin t' stay over Tanksgiven Day, what's a day de President makes at

Albany when folks don't have t' make no excuse for gettin a load. Dat's right.

"Well, as I was tellin you, we was all down in de country de time when dey had de horse show at de Madison Square Garden. One day Miss Fannie tells me and de Duchess t' chase ourselves up t' town t' get some tings from de house what she wanted, and de Duchess she gives me a wink and tells me t' sneak me dress suit along wid me what Mr. Burton give me, and we'd have some fun.

"'What t'ell?' I says to her. 'What's your game?' I says, like dat. See?

"She tells me t' saw wood and say nottin till we was up in town; so I says nottin, but just sneaks me clawhammer wid us, and we come away lookin as pious as a parson.

"Say, what do you tink? Dat Duchess had pinched de tickets t' Miss Fannie's box at de horse show. Sure! I treatened t' give her a good lickin for it, but she just laughed and says dat Miss Fannie and none of our folks was goin t' use de tickets, and what was de harm of our usin dem so as t' give de horse show some style.

"Say, what de you tink of dat goil? She's a angel—I don't tink!

"Well, when we packed up de tings at de house what was wanted, and went t' de candy

shop and de flower store for some dude tings Mr. Paul wanted for Miss Fannie—it's always Mr. Paul and not Mr. Burton what orders dose dude tings for Miss Fannie, which I tink is queer and which de Duchess doesn't—well, when we'd done all our errants and had dinner, de Duchess tells me t' put on me harness, me claw-hammer, and she skipped t' Miss Fannie's room.

"Say, dat goil would make a actor lady out on top of de stage. Sure. You never seed de like of her when she waltzes out of Miss Fannie's room. I was paralyzed. I taut I was off me base and dat it was Miss Fannie for a minute. She was all made up in Miss Fannie's close and hat and gloves and had dose dinky glasses what you looks tru at de teeater, and she was out of sight till she opened her mout t' talk, and den she was de Duchess, straight.

"She looked me over, and den made me part me hair in de middle and plaster it down each side, and put on a collar dat was so high it chucked me chin back so far I looked like I was smellin someting bad, and den she said I was 'oh fay,' what's dago for 'fit,' and we chases ourselves t' de show.

"Before we chases ourselves I told de Duchess dat she couldn't go till she swore dat she wasn't up t' no game what would queer Miss Fannie.

"Say, den she told me de greatest song and dance you ever heard, what was so mixed up dat I couldn't tumble to all of it, but de game as near as I could get on was someting like dis: Miss Fannie was in England wid his Whiskers onct, which you has to go furder dan Sandy Hook t' get to, where she met a mug what you has to say 'Sir' to before you says his name. De Duchess knows all dis, cause she was wid Miss Fannie, you see, and she knowed dat his Whiskers had blowed off de mug at his house here, and his club, when Miss Fannie was in school, before dey went t' England. But in England de mug never blowed off his Whiskers, but only just called on him and Miss Fannie onct, for a minute, what's de way dose mugs do, de Duchess says.

"Say, dis is an awful long yarn and nearly makes me crazy t' remember it all. Tanks, I wouldn't mind. Here's lookin at you.

"Well, as I was tellin you, de mug comes over t' dis country again and chases himself up to our house, and when he finds dat Miss Fannie is at de country place, what do you tink he does? He must be a real gent—I don't tink. He writes t' Miss Fannie, and, holly gee! he makes a bluff dat he's waitin for t' be invited t' de country place. Dat's straight, for de Duchess saw his letter after Miss Fannie trun it away.

De Duchess seed dat Miss Fannie was mad at de mug's cheek, after de way he turned em down in England, and so de Duchess she puts up de job I'm tellin you bout.

"Well, we goes t' de horse show, and sits in de box, and pretty soon de Duchess seed de very mug we was layin for walkin along lookin at a paper where was printed de names of de folks what owned boxes, and den lookin at de folks in de box. When he seed us he looks at his paper, and den at us again, and den he hoists his dicer, and de Duchess she bowed, and I hoists me dicer and I bows, and de mug chases up to our box.

"De Duchess she whispers t' me t' do most of de gabbing, for, says she, 'He'll tink your Bowery patwah is Yankee brogue.'

"Dem's her very langwudge, 'Me Bowery patwah!' I'd like t' know what t'ell, dat's what I'd like t' know.

"I didn't have no time t' give her a roast, for de mug comes into de box like he owned it and begins tellin de Duchess dat he heered of her marriage, tinkin she was Miss Fannie, see? and turns to me and says, 'Mr. Burton, I spose,' and de Duchess nearly stamps me foot off t' keep me mout shut.

"Say, I never knowed de Duchess was such a dead game sport. De mug never called

her down onct, cause stid of talkin she just mostly smiled and answered wid her shoulders and hands and eyes, like dose French forners can, and only spoke de few American words what she can speak like me.

"I chipped in whenever de Duchess give me de wink, but it was a hard game, and I was glad when de Duchess said we must go.

"De mug says he'd see us to our carriage, and I says dat de carriages was in de country, and we'd walk home. Den he says could he walk along? And when we was opposite Del's he says what's de matter wid a glass of wine and a little supper? Say, I never taut de Duchess would run de bluff dat far; but she was out for blood, and her eyes was just dancin wid de fun she was havin wid de mug.

"Well, we went into Del's and de mug ast de Duchess wouldn't she order. Would she! holly gee! Say, you'd died t' hear her rattle off de order t' de waiter what understood her forn langwudge. I guess de mug didn't understand, cause he looked easy until de waiter began bringin on de wine and grub and den he near fell in a fit. I don't tink dere was much left in de pantry nor de wine cellar when dey'd brought de Duchess's order. Sure.

"I tink de mug began t' tumble before we'd finished dat supper, for de Duchess began talkin

as fast as a quarter-horse after she'd tackled de second cold bot. He began t' look at bote of us a little queer, and den he ast, eyin de Duchess pretty hard, when was he expected up t' de country place. De Duchess looked at him harder dan he looked at her, and den she made her eyes bigger dan silver dollars, and says, like she was paralyzed wid sprise, says she, 'Who do you take us for?'

"'For Mr. and Mrs. Burton,' says de mug, kinder wite round de gills.

"Den de Duchess give me de wink to trow him down, and I says, says I, like I was a actor. I says: 'What t'ell!' I says. 'Dis is Mrs. Burton's maid, and I'm Mr. Burton's man. See?' I says like dat, 'See?' says I.

"Say, I don't tink he did see, for he shut his eyes like he was knocked out, while de folks at de odder table near died laughin, lots of dem bein swell mugs what knowed us by sight, and bein onto our game from de start. Den we chased ourselves, haughty like, while de gilly we'd done was hypotized."

Mr. Paul and a Wily Widow.

HOLLY gee! Mr. Paul will be de deat of me one of dese old days, unless I die before me time; and if his Whiskers ever gets on t' de games Mr. Paul is always puttin up, den his Whiskers will be de deat of Mr. Paul, and dat would do de wine trade no good.

"Listen till I tell you: We had what dey calls a fancy-dress bal mask out to our country house de odder day, what all de swell mugs what has country houses round dere for miles comes to; and we had a house party de same time, what's a party what lasts a week, and don't last no longer, cause if it did it would be a scrappin party; all cept Mr. Paul, who never don't quarrel wid nobody. See?

"Well, in de house party dere was a widdy what ain't got a cent, only she's a corker for good looks, and has a last name wid two parts to it and a full stop in de middle of it, and someting dey calls a 'peddy gree' a mile long, dough I never seed it, unless it's what she fixes onto her dress and drags after her when dey goes in t' dinner.

"Say, I always taut dat widdys was old. Dey is down where I lives, and has rhumatiz, and never has no fun; but dis widdy don't trot in dat class. Why, dis one ain't much older dan de Duchess, who ain't much older dan me, and she ain't got no rhumatiz, for she's livelier on her pins dan a cable car goin round Union Square. Everybody says dat she ain't got a penny, but dat don't mean de same ting in de purlieus—say, dat's a winner, dat 'purlieus.' Do you cop it?—it don't mean de same ting in de purlieus of de airstockracy as it do in de Fort ward. Say, I'm dead on t' dat. Listen: De odder day I was comin in t' town for some errants for Miss Fannie, when de widdy cops me, and she says t' Miss Fannie, says she, 'Fannie, dear,' she says, 'can your man do a errant or two for me?' says she.

"'Cert'nly, me dear,' says Miss Fannie, and de widdy, she says, 'Me man,' says she, giving me a paper, 'just stop in t' dose places and leave dose orders. Here's me purse. If it hasn't enough in it, just have some of em charged.' Say, she started t' hand me her wad, and it was a lulu; but it had a string on it, for she pulls it back and says t' Miss Fannie, 'No, me dear; you know I hasn't a cent in de woeld, and I must practise economy. Your man can have em all charged.'

"Say, what do you tink of her?

"Dose tings I orders for her was flowers and candy and bunnets and dinky stuff in de dry-goods store, and golf sticks and gloves and I don't know what t'ell, and I never put up a bean; never showed de color of de long green onct. But de clerks gives me de glad hand like I'd trun boodle all over de stores.

"I wisht some of dose widdys down where I usty live had a dead easy graft like dat.

"Well, I was goin t' tell you bout de fancy-dress party—I was de fanciest dressed party dere dat night. Before it comes along his Whiskers was gettin t' be a regular steady for de widdy, and she was givin him de greatest jolly I ever piped in me life.

"Say, Miss Fannie was dead sore on de game between his Whiskers and de widdy. I copped dat she was before de Duchess tells me. Dere ain't nottin much dat bodders Miss Fannie dat I ain't on to before any one else is, cause I'd radder run up against it meself, even if it was a trolley car, dan t' have Miss Fannie sore a little bit about anyting. Dat's right. She always done me right.

"Well, de Duchess she tells me dat de widdy was really stuck on Mr. Paul, but she seed she couldn't work no graft dere, so she was makin a slick play t' land his Whiskers,

and Miss Fanny was dead leary dat de widdy would win out. De game couldn't suit de widdy better if it was a lead-pipe cinch.

"Den I says t' de Duchess, I says, 'What t'ell!' I says, and she says so, too, only in dat forn langwudge she spouts when she's tinkin hard tinks. But we couldn't rig a job t' queer de widdy's game, dough I said 'What t'ell' fifty times. I taut I'd have t' set de bull pup on her and do her, cause de pup would die happy if he had one round wid de widdy's ankles. She kicks de pup every chanst she gets.

"De Duchess said dat wouldn't go, cause if de pup done de widdy de pup would have t' go, and dat would break little Miss Fannie's heart, what's dead chummy wid de pup. See?

"Say, we was near crazy for fear dat de widdy would win out in a walk, till Mr. Paul, de night before de party, calls me and de Duchess in t' his rooms, and he says, like he wasn't tinkin much about nottin, "Duchess,' he says, 'did you ever see dese close before?' and he held up a dinky suit of close like what Dagos wears in Mexico, wid a big sash, and a dicer wid a brim on it bigger dan what women wears t' de teeater when dey sits in front of you.

"'Sure,' says de Duchess. 'Sure dose is de close you wored at de bal mask last mont,' she says.

"'Do you tink his Whiskers would remember de close?' he ast.

"De Duchess says his Whiskers would sure cop em, cause she heard his Whiskers talkin bout how swell Mr. Paul looked in de close.

"'Den you take dese,' says Mr. Paul t' me, 'and put em on t'morry night and come t' my rooms.' Den he asts de Duchess if she knowed what de widdy is t' wear, and of course de Duchess was dead on, for dat's her business t' know such tings.

"'Could you get yourself up like her?' says Mr. Paul.

'De Duchess she begins t' tumble, and she says, near havin a fit wid de fun, dat she could make herself a dead ringer for de widdy if she had two hours in de Broadway shops de next day, and Mr. Paul said she could go t' town if she ast Miss Fannie, and he gives de Duchess a wad de size of a house t' shop wid.

"Well, say, de next evenin me and de Duchess, all rigged out in our monkey close, chases ourselves t' Mr. Paul's room, and Mr. Paul says dat we looks such dead ringers for him and de widdy dat he'd have to open a small bottle or else he'd tink he was seein double.

"'You're all right, Duchess,' said Mr. Paul; 'cept dat you must wear dis ribbon in your hair,' and he gives her a piece of ribbon like de color of a house afire.

"'Now, you two,' he says, 'at 10 o'clock chases yourself t' de conservtory and stay dere till you cops his Whiskers; and when you cops him pretend not t' cop him, but just get tick as two tieves and spoon a little, but not too much.

"Say, what do you tink of him? I wasn't dead on till de Duchess gives me a pointer. She tells me dat de ribbon Mr. Paul had give t' string t' her hair was de same as de widdy had borryed from Miss Fannie dat very day, and de Duchess put me on dat de ribbon was de ting dat his Whiskers was t' know de widdy by, cause all de folkses was t' wear masks over dere mugs till de supper. See? Do you cop?

"Say, we hadn't been dere, me and de Duchess, in de conservtory more dan a minute before I cops his Whiskers come waltzin in like a two-year-old. He was in his right close, cause he and Mr. Burton had been givin de folks de glad hand when dey comed t' de house.

"De Duchess was standin so as a light shined plumb on dat ribbon, and I was standin wid me Dago dicer drawed over me mug like, wid me shoulders kinder slimpsy, like Mr. Paul

stands. All of a suddent his Whiskers cops us, and, say, honest, I near quitted de game, cause I seed outter de corner of me eye dat his Whiskers had been jolted hard.

"But I knowed Mr. Paul had laid out de game for Miss Fannie's sake, and so I lifted de Duchess's mug, and, pretendin not t' cop his Whiskers, I smacks her wid a kiss square on de mout.

"Say, his Whiskers staggered so dat he near loses his base, and he chases from de place like he'd seen a ghost.

"Den we sneaks upstairs and puts on our right close, and shows ourselves wid de odder help what was servin tings where his Whiskers could see us.

"Say, what do you tink Mr. Paul had done? He'd hitched on t' de widdy so sweet dat she taut she had him landed, and dat made her break her date wid his Whiskers in de conservtory, and den as soon as his Whiskers comes out from dere Mr. Paul goes up t' him so as his Whiskers could see he wasn't rigged up like a Mexican Dago. See? All de rest of de night his Whiskers was kinder snookin round like a Headquarters detective, lookin for de mug wid de Mexican Dago close, but he never copped him no more, and he looked like he was sayin 'What t'ell' all de time.

"De next mornin he chases himself t' town before de widdy was up, and he never comed back till de widdy went, and Mr. Paul he chases himself, and he never comed back till de widdy went, and den it was de widdy what looked like she was sayin 'What t'ell.'

"I never tumbled t' wedder Miss Fannie was on t' de game or not, but after de widdy chases herself Miss Fannie gives de Duchess a swell dress and says, 'Hortense, dis ribbon matches dat dress,' and it was de ribbon what de Duchess and de widdy wored de night of de party.

"'Chimmie,' says de Duchess t' me, 'wid a French maid and a Bowry boy and Mr. Paul t' manage em de game can't be beat. Nest pa?'

"'Not in a tousand years, Duchess,' I says. See?"

Miss Fannie's Music Gale.

KNOW our little Miss Fannie what's Miss Fannie's girl kid? Well, say, she's a wonder. She's just beginin t' walk and Mr. Paul is trainin her for a six-day match, and she goes sailin acrost de parlor when her nurse fetches her t' show off t' Mr. Paul, like she had bote wings and skates; and when she goes bang! on her mug she never peeps, but only looks kinder wuzzy till she gets her breat again, cause Mr. Paul he learnt her dat it's fun t' get hurted, so as she wouldn't holler.

MISS FANNIE'S MUSIC GALE.

"Dat was de little game he put up, so as he could see more of de kid what he is cranky about, see? When he first uster learnt her t' walk she'd yell murder when she'd jolt her conk. Eh? Don't you cop dat: 'jolt her conk?' Why, dat's bump her head. Sure. Say, you otter hire somebody t' learn you right English.

"Well, as I was tellin you, when little Miss Fannie would jolt her conk she'd yell murder, and her mudder and her nurse and her granfadder and de Duchess and me nibs and de whole gang would chase ourselves t' see what

t'ell. Den Miss Fannie she'd take de kid, and fuss, and fetch it away, and Mr. Paul would look like he'd upset a small bot down a lady's neck, and Miss Fannie wouldn't let him have de kid no more for a week.

"Den he played a great tinkin part, and he says t' me one day when we was down town togedder lookin for a bull pup—was I tellin you bout dat bull pup?—what he was wantin t' buy for little Miss Fannie, he says, 'Chimmie,' says he, 'Chimmie, dis woeld is a vale of tears,' says he, and dose is his very langwudge, 'dis woeld is a vale of tears just because mudders makes it so.'

"Den I says, 'What t'ell,' I says, like dat; not bein on t' what he was coppin me, 'What t'ell.' See?

"'Zactly,' he says, 'dat's de very point I was goin t' give to you. 'What t'ell is de use,' he says, 'of learnin a kid t' cry when it's hurted? If a kid is learnt t' laugh stid of t' cry de gaiety of nations'—dose is his very words, de dude words what Mr. Paul uses when he don't mean nottin—'de gaiety of nations will be enriched by all which now is pain,' says he.

"Of course a mug can't mean nottin when he makes a song and dance like dose langwudge, so I just says, 'What t'ell,' so as t' be sociable, and he goes on stringin me, like he

can, and he says he's goin t' practise on little Miss Fannie t' prove dat a kid gets just as much satisfaction outter a laugh as outter a cry.

"Say, he done it. Dat's right. De next time he got little Miss Fannie she near cracked her conk gainst a chair, and Mr. Paul he begins t' laugh like he'd have a fit, and he grabs up little Miss Fannie what hadn't got her breat yet, and he laughs and says how funny it was, and, when she got over lookin wuzzy wid de jolt, she begins t' laugh; but she's lookin kinder like she didn't know what t'ell, all de same, and from dat time de kid never hollered murder onct when she was hurted, cause she tinks it's de right game t' give de laugh. See?

"But listen till I tell you; dat wasn't what I was goin t' give you a song and dance bout. Only when I gets talkin of little Miss Fannie I never don't know when t' stop. You otter see her wid de bull pup. Say, you'd die if you'd see de heavenly look on dat bull pup's mug when little Miss Fannie gets him by bote ears and bangs his conk on de floor. You'd tink everyting had come his way since he was borned. But I'll tell you bout dat some odder day.

"What I was goin t' tell you bout was de music gale we had up to our house. I don't know just what t'ell a music gale is, cept dat it's

when a lot of swell mugs what can't make music has a gale in makin a front dat dey is makin music, and dat makes it a music gale, I spose.

"Dis one was for de benefit of de hospital where dere is kids wid crooked legs and backs, what Miss Fannie tends to, and every one what got a invite had t' pungle five plunks.

"Well, say, it was de dinkiest music you ever heard, cept when Miss Fannie played on de harp, and dat was a peach. Sure. After dat, after she had played, tings was goin worse dan a cable car wid a broke grip; it was what de Duchess called a sucsay de steam, in her forn langwudge, and Mr. Paul, what was de manager, was havin a fit, and de Duchess and me, what was behind de curtain wid him, was havin a fit along wid tinkin dat Miss Fannie would be broke up, when all of a suddent Mr. Paul says t' me, he says, 'Chimmie,' says he, 'Chimmie, would you do someting t' make Miss Fannie's music gale a howlin success?' he says.

"'Sure,' I says, 'I'll stand on me head or box tree rounds wid de butler,' says I, hopin it would be de butler, for I was dyin t' do him, along wid him tryin t' get gay wid de Duchess. 'Sure,' I says.

"Den Mr. Paul says, 'I'd like de scrap wid

de butler most meself, but dis bein a mixed audence wid ladies perdomeratin'—which is de first time I ever heard Mr. Paul backcap de ladies—'wid ladies perdomeratin, I wants you t' sing dat song I heard you singin t' de Duchess.'

"Say, I taut he was givin me de dinky-dink. Dat's a song I made up de words for meself, and I sings em to a tune his Whiskers plays on de flute. Yes, he plays de flute while Miss Fannie plays de harp, and it's better dan a orchestran. He plays a song what Miss Fannie sings for him, bout 'Sweet is de vale where de Mohawk gently glides.' Did you ever hear it? Well, I makes up some words just t' jolly de servants wid, and Mr. Paul he heard me singin it; but when he tells me t' sing it in front of all dose swell mugs I taut I'd trow a fit right dere. De Duchess she says I could sing outter sight of de willie-boy what had sung a song a little before what put all de folks t' sleep. So I says, 'Anyting t' make Miss Fannie's music gale a corker,' and Mr. Paul he steps in front of de curtain and de folks all gives him a great jolly, cause dey knowed dat he had someting t' string em wid.

"Say, you should heard de game he gives em. He says he has engaged, at de expense of great boodle, a vody ville artis of great renown from de principal teeaters of Great Britain and

London, what would introduce, in character'—dose was his words, 'in character'—'a new song writ for de occasion by dat Bowery boy, Chames Fadden.'

"I was peepin tru de curtain, and I seed Miss Fannie and his Whiskers and Mr. Burton look at each odder like dey didn't know what t'ell; but Mr. Paul he looked as solemn as if dere wasn't a nodder small bot on eart.

"Den de curtain was histed, and I goes out feelin like I was in a pipe dream, and I sings de song. Dis is de way it starts:

"On de banks of de Bronx where me summer goil hangs out,
She's a doisy, and just seventeen;
Oi chases meself when me doi's work is done,
And I fishes for clams in de stream.

"Say, I was a peach. De folks dey howled like dey'd all picked a winnin long shot, and de more dey howled de more Bowry I got, till pretty soon I taut I was just singin for de gang at de meetin of de Roseleaf Social, Outin, and Life-Savin Club.

"Say, I killed em dead. Dey made me sing it over till I was dat tirsty I taut I must be Mr. Paul, and when I couldn't peep anudder peep Mr. Paul hauled down de curtain, and Miss Fannie comed around behind dere and

says, 'Chames,' says she, laughin, 'Chames, you lifted de gloom from de whole music gale.'

"I was feelin like I was in it den, and Mr. Paul he drags his jeans for a fiver and gives it t' me; but de Duchess she collars it, sayin dat I might take cold in me troat wid so much long green about me.

"De Duchess is a good goil, but I wisht when I has boodle t' burn she'd lose her mind long enough for me t' start a fire. See?"

Degeneracy of his Whiskers.

AS we at de fight? We was dere wid bote feet; me and Mr. Paul and his Whiskers and who do you tink?—dat sporty boy from Boston.

DEGENERACY OF HIS WHISKERS.

"Well, I went t' dat place, Jacksonville, Floridy, ahead of Mr. Paul, and he told me not t' sign me name as his servant, but just de same as all de odder mugs dere, as a real gent. Mr. Paul he says t' me, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'I shall require de estimable vantage,' says he, usin dem dude lanwudge what he says when he looks solemn and jollies, 'I shall require de estimable vantage of your company when I takes a small bottle of wine, which is necessary t' revert de malaria; cause,' says he, 'cause, Chames, it is not well for a man t' drink alone; and from de names I seen in de papers of mugs what is goin t' de fight, I should judge dat me and you is likely t' be de only real gents dere,' says he. So I chases meself down dere, what you ride tru a million miles of swamp t' get dere, and I writes me name on de book of de Hotel Saint Chames, what's named de same as me, cept dat it ain't no Fadden and I ain't no saint—yet.

"Well, after eatin me dinner, what dey has in de middle of de day down dere—cause it takes so long t' digest it, Mr. Paul says—I goes out on de verandy t' smoke me cigarette, when long comes me friend de barkeep. All de gang was makin a dead break for me friend cause he'd seen bote de fighters, and he's de best judge of wedder a scrapper is fit dat dere is, on or off de Bowry. He was pretendin t' be mighty leary bout sayin nottin, but all de same was tippin off Mitchell for a winner. When he sees me he gives me de wink t' keep still, and after a while, when he gets a chanst, he gives it t' me straight dat Mitch would have t' fight wid a axe to do Corbett. He was tippin Mitchell just t' get some bettin started, and dat night we went t' de poolroom t' see how de game lay.

"I had a wad what Mr. Paul staked me wid t' bet for him, and me friend de barkeep had money t' burn a wet dog wid, what his friends on de Bowry had give him to bet.

"Say, de very first pool I bought on Corbett I heard his Whiskers take de odder end of it on Mitchell, and den I nearly had a fit when me friend bought a Corbett pool t' hear de voice of his Whiskers' friend, de sporty boy from Boston, take de Mitchell end of dat bet. Me friend seen em dere, and he laughs and told me dat dey was two geezers he had given de Mitchell

tip to dat afternoon. 'What t'ell,' I says, 'dat's Miss Fannie's fadder and his friend,' I says. 'Dey don't get no trowdown here,' says I. 'Sure,' says me friend, 'any friend of my friend, not on your life!'

"Say, I pushes me way over t' where his Whiskers and de sporty Boston boy was, and holly gee! dere dey stood wid dere mouts open, dere coats open, and dere jackets open; dead marks for crooks t' touch.

"I didn't tink of me manners when I seen what sillies dey was, and I just whispers t' his Whiskers, I says, 'If you ain't got no furder use for your watch and chain, and your wad,' says I, 'you might give em t' me, cause I'm a orphan.'

"Say, his Whiskers turned red, and tried t' run a bluff bout bein fended, and says for me t' mind me business, and not be pertinent. Den I happens t' look at his scarf, and de sporty boy's scarf, and I says, 'Scuse me, sir, but you forgot t' wear your scarfpins dis evenin I'm tinkin.'

"Den dey bote claps dere hands t' dere scarfs, and looks scared and foolish, for dey'd bote been touched. See?

"His Whiskers didn't put on no more airs den, needer did de sporty boy; and when I tells em t' chase dereselves outside and button up dere coats, dey chases dereselves. I folleyed em out

and told em dat if dey'd go t' dere hotel I'd do dere bettin for em. Say, de sporty boy laughs at dat and says, 'Dis is Mr. Burton's young man, if I remember,' says he. I told him he was dead on, and he says dat I 'seemed t' be a young person of much strent of mind and purity of heart,' usin words like dose Boston folks talks, what don't mean nottin.

"I told him dat anyhow I wasn't no farmer, and de best ting dey could do was t' go t' dere hotel, leave dere stuff in de safe, and play pool.

"Wid dat his Whiskers says t' his friend someting bout de wisdom what comes out of de mouts of kids, and I bundles em in a hack and sends em off home.

"Well, de next day Mr. Paul comes, and when I tells him bout his Whiskers and de sporty Boston boy, he says dat dere ain't no gilly like a old gilly; but as his Whiskers was Miss Fannie's fadder, he would help me take care of em. Den he says serious: 'Chames,' he says, 'Chames, I wonder couldn't we put chains round em like dey do dose chameleons, and fasten em up?'

"Say, did you ever see one of dose chameleons? Dey's de dinkiest little beasts what lives; kinder little snakes wid legs what changes dere color widout changin dere skin. Dat's right. It's a great act, sure. I fetches one

t' de Duchess and scared her so dat she made me give up all de money I win on de fight. It would take a bigger beast dan a chameleon t' make de Duchess forget t' make me cough up when I has any spare boodle.

"Well, seein as how we was all dere, Mr. Paul told me t' get four seats t' de fight all togedder, for fear dat if we'd let de old boys go alone dey'd get lost in de shuffle. Say, when we got dere de old boys began tellin bout how dey'd hedged on dere bets, and showed dere pool tickets; and what do you tink? De way dey'd hedged made em stand t' lose no matter who win de fight. Dat Boston must be a great farmin country.

"When we first got dere de old boys was singin a great song and dance bout only wantin t' see a sientific glove contest, and said dat dey'd leave de rena if dere was any sloggin or blood. Well, in de second round, when Chim began pastin Charley all over de ring, I taut de geezers would make a sneak, but not on your life. Dere was his Whiskers and de sporty Boston boy standin on dere seats, wavin dere dicers and yellin for Chim t' knock de head offen de Englishman, and Mr. Paul and me couldn't drag em down dough we nearly pulled dere coat-tails off. In de last round, when de blood was flyin and de old boys was splittin dere

troats wid cheerin, Mr. Paul who stood t' win big money, was cool as a small bottle, and whispers t' me, he says: 'It's touchin, Chames,' says he, 'it's touchin t' see how pleased de old gent is, dat dis is a bloodless and sientific glove contest.'

"Den he gives me de wink and asks did I remember t' order some small bottles on ice t' be ready when we gets t' de hotel.

"Well, dat night, when it was all over, his Whiskers comes t' me and says dat as he was dere by accident, bein on his way t' Saint Augustine wid his Boston friend, whose healt was poor, dat dere was no use in me sayin anyting t' Miss Fannie bout seein him dere.

"I says sure, and he gives me his winnin pool tickets t' cash, which de Duchess collared, wid me odder stuff.

"When we gets home, Miss Fannie says t' me, 'Chames,' she says, 'was it Mr. Paul or me fadder what sent dat big box of oranges t' me from Floridy?' says she. So I says, 'How could it be your fadder, Miss Fannie, when he was in Saint Augustine wid a sick friend?' I says.

"But it wasn't Mr. Paul what sent her dose oranges, nor her fadder, needer, but I didn't tell her who it was, cause she might tink I was gettin above me place, sendin her a present."

As to Sans-Gene.

NO, Mr. Paul ain't so worse. He started out on me de odder day like I taut I was stacked up against trouble, but tings was comin my way, and I wasn't onto it a little bit. Him and Mr. Burton was down t' de stables lookin at some new wheels what had just been fetched in from de city when I chases across em, me bein out dere t' see if de coachman's kid had a scrap in him. I hadn't done nottin but wheel for so long I taut a scrap would do me healt no harm.

"When he pipes me off Mr. Paul calls me up and says, 'Chames,' he says, 'I wishes t' propound a question in relative philology.'

"Say, may I never have anodder scrap if dem wasn't de very lanwudge he gives me. Did you never hear de like? I taut not. Dere ain't nottin like it outside de lawyers in de Tombs.

"I was dead leary of a stringin, so I just touches me for'd and says, 'Yes, sir,' waitin for balls while I got onto his curves.

"'Chames,' he says, 'dere is a play runnin in town wid de name of "Sans-gene,"' he says,

'and I have just bet Mr. Burton what you calls a fiver dat you will give us de best translation of dat name, "Sans-gene," he ever heard. Now, what does dat mean in English?'

"'What t'ell!' I says, tinkin he was givin me de dinky-dink on me lanwudge; but Mr. Paul, as sober as a bull pup, turns t' Mr. Burton and says: 'You've lost, old man,' he says.

"Mr. Burton taut a while, and den he laughs and says, 'Yes, I should say dat is de most sensible translation of de term I ever heard —Sans-gene: What t'ell.'

"Now did you ever hear such crazy talk in all your life? As I was tellin you, I taut I'd stacked up against trouble, but what do you tink? Mr. Burton scraped his close for a green five, and Mr. Paul he just coughed it up t' me, sayin, 'Chames, you win de pot.'

"Say, Mr. Paul ain't so worse, is he?

"I'm de only farmer in de game. I had t' go and ask de Duchess what was dat Sans-gene dey was trowin at me, and I was such a gilly I queered me own cinch by givin away about de fiver, and de Duchess didn't do a ting but drag me jeans till she collared de roll. De Duchess ain't so worse—if you is lookin for a banker.

"But dat ain't what I'm lookin for; what I'm out for wid a dark lantern and a reward, is

where dey gives dope like de Keeley cure, only for de wheel habit stid of for booze.

"Dere ain't one of us what ain't got it; from his Whiskers t' de Duchess dey is all bicycle daffy. Why, Mr. Paul has sent t' have a wheel made for little Miss Fannie, what is only just learnin t' twiddle her pins fit.

"His Whiskers was de first one t' get de habit. First dey all gives him de laugh, but when dey found out dat I'd learned on his wheel Mr. Burton said he'd take a lesson from me, and in two days dere was tree more wheels down dere: one for Mr. Burton, one for Miss Fannie, and one for me, cause I was t' be de professor.

"Well, I teached Mr. Burton and teached Miss Fannie—say, she can ride like a bird—and den dose two, wid his Whiskers, would be goin off so much, Mr. Paul, he got one down t' his place, what's next t' ours, and he learned, so dat he wouldn't be left by his lonely, and den I chases off so much, de Duchess she had t' have a wheel and, holy gee! before we was tru if de barkeep didn't send one t' Maggie, de housemaid, and I'm lookin for a carload t' be comin down for de rest of de servants any old day!

"Dey may as well let de coachman and all de stablemen go, and sell de horses and

carriages, for dey ain't no more use, cept t' take little Miss Fannie out for a airin, and I expect she'll be crusin round like a duck on a pond wid her own wheel pretty soon.

"When all de folks is out de Duchess asks Maggie t' sneak wid us, and den we tree goes off in some odder direction from de folks. You otter see dem goils! Dey is wonders, blind, staggerin wonders, in dere wheel make-up!

"Miss Fannie she don't dress much diffrunt from when she is walkin, only she wears boots, but de Duchess and dat chip Maggie! say, dey'd put your eyes out in a minute if ever you'd see em unexpected. De Duchess has some of dose forn papers sent from Paris, what's de dago town she comes from, and she seed some pictures of fairies on wheels in one of em, and she rigged up a harness like it. It's like a woman out on top of de stage in a fairy opra.

"Maggie, de housemaid, is near as queer, only she ain't got de style de Duchess has. De rig de Duchess wears wouldn't be so worse if she'd only never wear it out of de grounds, but dat's de trouble, and dat's what run me up against it de odder day. We was tearin up dirt along de shore road, me follyin de Duchess and Maggie, t' keep de dogs away from em, which I had a lot of stones in me pockets for, when I

seed comin down de road four wheels, one wid a woman, and I knowed in a minute dey was our folks what had gone round by de back road, and would cop us sure if we didn't make a sneak. I yelled t' de goils t' get off and yank dere wheels over a low stone wall. We chased ourselves lively, I'm tellin you, and as de folks all stopped for someting dey didn't see us, and we laid low on de odder side of de wall, where dere were sticks and leaves and stones and wet, and it was de worst beddin I ever struck, and I ain't always slept in de finest needer. 'Mon Dieu! Chames,' says de Duchess, 'let us get out of here; I'm ruinin me dress.'

"'You ain't got no dress on,' I says, 'and dat's de trouble,' says I, cause I was pretty sore wid her dinky harness, which I wouldn't have Miss Fannie seen on me life.

"Next it was dat Maggie what hollered murder. 'For de love of heaven, Chimmie,' she yelled, 'I wonder you wouldn't put us in a den of snakes. Dere's a toad crawlin up me leg.'

"'I wonder he wouldn't jump in your big mout, what you can't keep closed,' I says t' her, for I was near crazy, cause I peeped over de wall and seen de folks comin along.

"I put one hand over de Duchess's mout and one over Maggie's, and dey was still for a

minute; but all of a suddent, and bote togedder, just as de folks was opposite, bote dose fool goils bit me hands near in two, and let out screams you could heard across de Sound, and bote for de same reason: dere was a bull comin at us, wid tail up and head down, and lookin bigger dan de Madson Square Garden. At de first yell de four folks all stops and gets off dere wheels, and just as dey did de Duchess and Maggie, lookin like circus riders, only wid leaves and sticks all over em, flew over de wall and fell yellin wid fits right at his Whiskers' feet.

"De bull made for me. I seen I'd be done if I didn't chase meself, so I puts me hands on top of de wall t' make a jump, when me foot caught in a wheel. Dat was de chance for de bull, and he knowed his business. He let me have it right where it hurted de smallest, and I went up in de air a mile wid de wheel fast t' me leg.

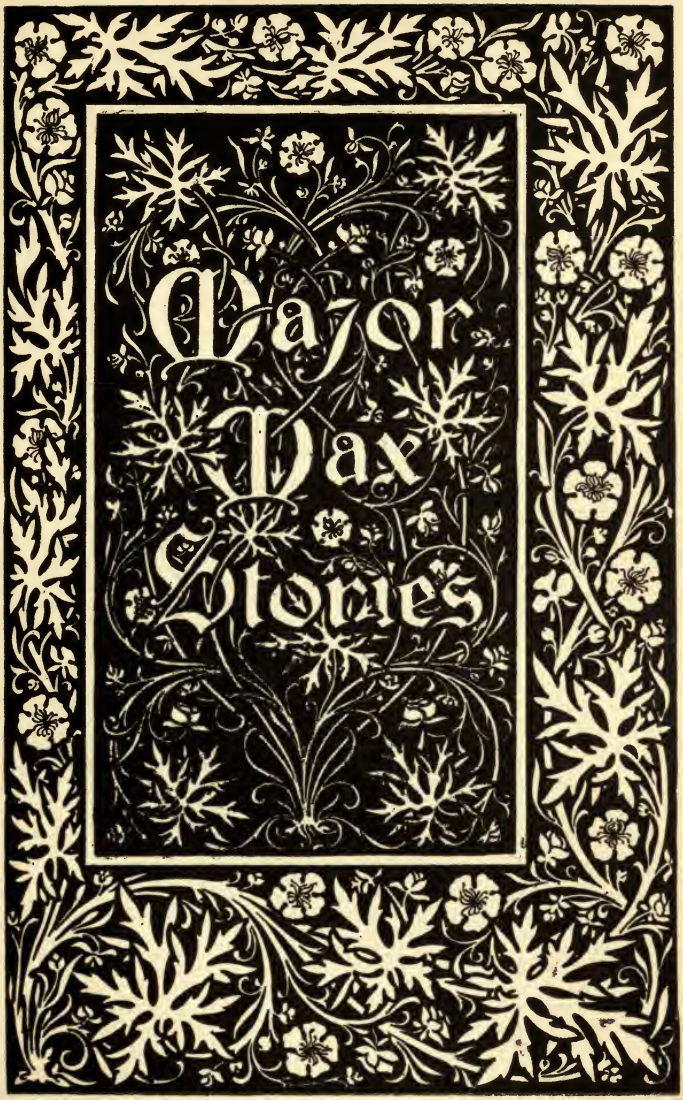
"I landed on de road right in front of Mr. Paul. All de odders was screamin wid fits and worriment, but Mr. Paul found I wasn't done, and he only said, 'Do you always go over a wall like dat, Chimmie?'

"Say, I felt like what t'ell, and I would have sold meself for a minute wid de Duchess trun in t' boot.

"Miss Fannie first found out I wasn't hurted much, den she looked at de Duchess—who wasn't sayin nottin for de first time since she was borned—and den she laughed fit t' kill herself, and his Whiskers he laughed, and Mr. Burton he laughed, and dat bull looked over de wall and he laughed, but Mr. Paul he only looked solemn and said, kinder t' himself: 'For all aches and bruises, take a small bottle.'

"Den de folks rode on, and I helped de goils home, and when we got dere none of de folks peeped bout de circus a word. I knowed it was Miss Fannie what made em not string us.

"Say, Miss Fannie ain't so worse; and needer was dat small bot Mr. Paul sneaked t' me room."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Stories

IT is the kind of a fool this man is, not the degree, which produces this emotion, my dear."

Major Max made this explanation when Mrs. Max looked up at him in mild surprise. He had thrown a magazine across the room, and it had hit the setter dog, enjoying too much sleep before the grate fire. The setter looked up delightedly at first, thinking the lively performance of its master was the signal for a frolic, but after a knowing examination of the Major's face discovered its mistake, regarded him reproachfully, and retrieved the magazine to Mrs. Max's lap, near which it remained to have its head patted, and as an evidence of partisan disapproval of the Major.

"Why, Major!" exclaimed Mrs. Max in surprise, "this is the magazine you've always praised for its wisdom."

"That was before I began writing for it."

"But you've never written in this magazine."

"I've written for it, not in it. The distinction is significant, possibly, of my diminished veneration for its wisdom, but not of my

present rage, which has heated me to such an extent that I feel if you should touch the bell for a nice little cold pint I could do the rest. Ah, thanks. Now let me show you."

The Major again took the magazine and turned over its pages.

"Here, you see, is an article written by a young man who has just discovered London. It is a class of literature in which I usually find much enjoyment. Writers of the present day who announce the death of Queen Anne and the capture of Holland by the Dutch are always worth reading. Such discoveries are usually made by men of the fresh and breezy style, suggesting the complacent pride of a setter pup which passes over a quail you've just shot, and brings you back a last year's bird-nest."

"But if you enjoy their stories so much, why do you throw magazines at the dog?"

"I was about to explain, but a certain amount of introduction is necessary to give value to what follows; otherwise the sense of proportion, or space, is offended. I was speaking of this article on London by its freshest discoverer. I probably should have had no quarrel with the writer had he not happened to talk my shop. He witnessed in London the guard mount at St. James's Palace, and describes it. That is well, for it is a pretty ceremony wherever it is seen.

But then he adds, listen: 'There is no guard mount in America; and if there were, it would be done on the double quick and in a business-like manner.'"

The setter dodged behind Mrs. Max's skirts as the Major again raised the magazine threateningly, but its master drowned his rising wrath in a glass of wine, tossed the magazine on the table, and resumed:

"The Americans who discover London, and tell us about it in magazines, should first be compelled to pass an examination in the history and geography of this country which would entitle them to appointment in the letter carrier service. 'We have no guard mount,' says this historian, regretfully, and then scornfully adds that if we did we would not make it the pretty ceremony he saw in London. Now, let's see: Within thirty miles of New York there are six military posts. There are four right in our harbor—Governor's Island, Liberty Island, Fort Wadsworth, and Fort Hamilton—where there is a guard mounted daily. Consider Fort Hamilton, for instance; that is as near Union Square, say, as are many of the districts of London to St. James's Palace. There is a full band playing at the Fort Hamilton guard mount, as at St. James's Palace; and if this historian had crossed the bridge instead of the ocean to see a guard mount

he would have been equally delighted by the sight of a gallant, brave, and handsome lot of officers and sturdy, well-drilled soldiers, which he assures us he found on the other side.

"Then here, again, the writer grows enthusiastic over the ceremony of saluting the flag which he discovered in London. That beautiful ceremony is performed five afternoons a week at Fort Hamilton by the men and officers of the gallant old First 'tillery, and of course at every other post of the size in the United States, the flag is saluted with the same ceremony daily."

"Not the British flag?" asked Mrs. Max in surprise.

"True, my dear, only the Stars and Stripes," and the setter had occasion to drop again.

At the Ranch of the Pious Yankee.

USUALLY very placid, Mrs. Max's brow was puzzled with a slight frown as she asked: "Is there not something or other going on over in Brooklyn, or somewhere?" *

The Major opened his mouth to speak so many times before he finally uttered a sound that the setter dog, who was observing him with cocked head, gave a little bark of impatience and tramped nervously with his fore feet.

Mrs. Max did not take notice of the Major's silence or the setter's vocalism, for she was busy spreading on some very hot toast some very fine caviare. That must be done with great expedition or the toast becomes cold.

By the way, do not commit the barbarism of spreading the caviare thickly on the toast, for that is likely to result in mussiness, and, any way, it aids and abets the natural tendency of the toast to become cold before the sandwich is ready to be eaten, and the lemon-juice must be superadded after the spreading, and that is another chilling delay.

* Two brigades of the militia had been fighting trolley-car rioters for two weeks.

At last the Major said, with forced composure:

"No, my dear. Nothing is going on in Brooklyn. On the contrary, quite otherwise; everything has stopped going in Brooklyn. That statement is confusing, too; involving, as it does, the violent assumption that anything ever started there. But why do you ask?"

"Ask what?" Mrs. Max responded, her placidity restored, because the sandwiches were completed and not cold.

"Did you not ask me if something was not going on in Brooklyn?"

"Oh, to be sure!"

Mrs. Max put triangular sandwiches on her own and on the Major's plates, motioned to the whiskey-decanter and the water-carafe as a reminder for the Major to do his duty, and as he, like a soldier, obeyed, she added:

"Why, Mrs. Jack Daring told me that she knew a man in the Twenty-second—I do not know whether he was in his twenty-second year or from the Twenty-second ward—who had been in Brooklyn, where everybody was killing somebody, though what in ever for, I'm sure!"

Mrs. Max sipped her whiskey and water between bites of her sandwich and resumed:

"I pretended to know all about it because Mrs. Jack is always so delighted when she finds

out that she knows anything that nobody knows, don't you know. I thought I'd wait and ask you. But then one never can be sure about anything in Brooklyn, although Mrs. Jack says they have some very smart shops there. Is the sandwich good?"

"My dear madam, it is a poem. That reminds me that the only time I ever tried to write verse besides those I wrote to you, a caviare and toast sandwich was the inspiration of my muse:

"'Demulcent, fragile, and divine,
Paradoxure attributes are thine!
Pharyngeal aridity is mine—
Induced by thee—to be allayed by wine!'

"I showed it to the men in our mess, and they said it was good, because when we run out of caviare they read that verse to induce thirst; they said it was so dry. By the way, you never happened to try to write a verse in a one-company frontier post where there was no thesaurus?"

"Mrs. Jack said," remarked Mrs. Max, who had not been listening to the Major—indeed he not infrequently makes remarks which he does not expect to be seriously regarded—"Mrs. Jack said that the Twenty-second man was in Brooklyn two whole weeks and led a

german when he returned, just as if he had not been out of the country. I suppose she is interested in things about people shooting people because of Bob Billings; though how she can notice a twenty-two-year old man when Bob has joined his regiment—I'm sure!"

"Although, when I repeated my apostrophe to a caviare sandwich, your eyes were without speculation, I am tempted to tell you of the only time I ever saw Bob Billings in the mood in which people, as you remark, engage in shooting other people, for when we have fought Indians he was never fighting mad," said the Major.

Mrs. Max was suddenly alert with interest. It is a fact, which the Major has studied with inconclusive energy, that his wife, the most sensitive and kind of her sex, takes, next to her interest in the relations of men and women of her set, the deepest interest in stories wherein the sanguinary passion controls.

"But first," the Major said, with a mean purpose to hold an excited imagination with an irrelative subject, as persons not always successful with their stories will sometimes do, "first I wish to explain that I was only taking advantage of poetic license when in my verse I suggested that the thirst born of caviare should be allayed in wine. Caviare—that good should

come out of Russia!—should be eaten only an hour before dinner, when it would be hangably offensive to drink wine. It is an excitant to an appetite for solids as well as for liquids. Then it is but reasonable to ask, What liquid should be taken therewith? Whiskey and water. Whiskey should never be taken without water, hence 'and water' follows logically. But why whiskey? There, my dear, is a scientific——

"Did Bob kill any one?" interrupted Mrs. Max.

The Major mixed another glass of his beverage, pulled the setter's ears until that patient animal scowled with silent pain, and answered:

"In the path obstructed by feminine curiosity, science, baffled and supine, knows only penance, not progress. This is the story: We were in Arizona, before the railroad was through. A few miles from us—a few miles as distance was considered there and then—a Yankee farmer, moved by a inscrutable Providence and the barrenness of his Massachusetts farm, had settled on a quarter-section of land whereon was a spring. In his old home springs were not rare, and he did not at first know the value of one in Arizona. How could he? He did not know that with the water of that spring distributed over that land, in that climate, he could grow anything from a pineapple to a potato; he

did not know that that spring was worth enormous money to a particularly offensive renegade cattle-rancher and thief, who had considered it his own for years, but had never paid Uncle Sam the compliment of obeying the simple laws whereby he might have obtained the actual ownership. He learned both soon. Our little post bought his fruit and vegetables, and was rewarding his industry with wealth. The cattleman was using every vicious device to drive the Yankee from his honest holding—threats, raids, insults, blackmail. But the Yankee was spunky — with Christian spunkiness. That was the misfortune which had worked to refrain him from killing his persecutor a score of times, when, in that country at that time, he would have been adjudged to have sufficient justification.

"He used his prosperity quaintly, that Yankee. From Albuquerque, which was as far as the railroad extended then, he had brought by wagon a little cabinet organ for his wife; he paid the expenses of bringing from the same town a pious parson once a month to preach to the soldiers in the post in the morning, and to pray in his own transplanted Yankee home the same Sunday evening. In these foreign ways he proved to the cattlemen how unfit he was to maintain an honest holding against a dishonest bully.

"The Yankee's wife—they were a young couple—was a source of simple joy and delight to Bob and me. She was pretty, slender, devout, healthy—everything all other women we ever saw there were not—and she could make music on that little organ the like of which it seemed to us then we had never heard.

"One Sunday after the parson had preached to our soldiers Bob and I agreed to ride with him to the Yankee's, where, as usual, he was to remain all night. That evening we had a sacred concert. You know what an impossible voice Bob has, and how conceited he is about it? Well, even he could not spoil that concert. He and the parson, the Yankee and I, and, of course, dear little Mrs. Yankee, sang hymns with that organ for accompaniment, with a vim only the situation could induce—or explain.

"After the concert Mrs. Yankee set about preparing supper. There was a storehouse, bigger than the living house, a few rods off, and she went there for some fruit. It was a bright, moonlight night, with the utter stillness which only the desert knows, and we were all startled as by a visible, horrid calamity when we heard the shrill shriek of a woman. Bob was the first of us, first before the husband even, to rush from the house, catching up his pistol as he ran. By the door of the storehouse we

saw the little woman senseless on the ground. A noise on the other side drew us on, with a rush, around there—drew Bob, the parson and me—the husband remained with his wife.

"That renegade cattleman was just mounting a horse when Bob sprang at him and knocked him off with the butt of his pistol. For a second Bob stood over the rascal with his pistol aimed at his head. He wanted to kill him. I saw the struggle which kept him from pulling the trigger; the struggle of civilization, of heredity, of West Point.

"The Parson, not sure about the outcome of the struggle, touched Bob's arm and whispered, 'Wait. Let me see how she is.'

"He returned in a minute and told us the woman was not hurt; had only been thrown down.

"Bob asked the parson to go back to the house. Then he said to the whining rascal: 'It may not be according to army rules and regulations for me to say this, but I tell you now that if any soldier at the post sees you in this county again he'll shoot you on sight. Now mount your horse and ride at a walk with your hands up.'

"I supposed that the order 'Hands up!' was merely a precaution against the fellow drawing his pistol, but he had gone only about

ten paces when Bob fired. The horseman shrieked and dashed ahead. Bob walked out in the moonlight, returned with an index finger, showed it to me, tossed it away, and remarked: 'I'm rather proud of that shot, Max; I fired to cut that finger. I had to do that much.'

"When we returned to the cottage we found Mrs. Yankee only suffering from nervousness. She had discovered the rascal, of course planning some unknown mischief, at the storehouse door, and in his escape he had thrown her down.

"'You have a rifle and know how to use it,' said Bob to the Yankee. 'The next time you see that man anywhere near your ranch shoot him on general principles.'"

"What did the parson say to that?" asked Mrs. Max eagerly.

"The parson," replied the Major, replenishing his glass, "the parson said 'Amen!'"

The Sovereign Alchemist.

ID it ever occur to you, my dear," began Major Max seriously, addressing his wife, who was at work on a piece of embroidery, "did it ever occur to you to sing, with Omar, the praises of—

"'The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-an'-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
The Sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute?'

"You know, Major, that I seldom sing, it's so professional; and as to Mr. Omar, I don't remember to have ever met him. I certainly never sang with him: duets are so sentimental," Mrs. Max replied, not looking up from her work.

If you had seen her, you would have been satisfied that she should not look up. She was sitting beneath a lamp, on the opposite side of the library-table from the Major, dressed in a fluffy, lacey house-gown, half revealing her neck and arms (very well shaped and smooth); her head bent over her dainty embroidery in the pretty attitude of absorbed diligence with which women apply themselves to such tasks, to the utter confusion of those who preach the inconsequen-

tiality of the feminine character. The Major laid down his Rubaiyat and said: "Omar was before your time, but yet an excellent singer and a man of some wisdom."

"Then it's a pity he's not in the opera now," exclaimed Mrs. Max, "for I do think these people who sing are so silly. Mrs. Jack Daring actually met one of them, she told me, and she, the singer, I mean, seemed to think that she should be treated like a real person, don't you know: as if she were not a professional."

"Yes," said the Major, "I heard that one of the prime donne justified herself for wearing a rich silk and satin fancy-ball costume for the character of a German peasant girl because the costume was made by Doucet. Her contention was that if Doucet's costumes were good enough for her, they certainly were for a German peasant girl."

"I'm sure," Mrs. Max remarked after a thoughtful pause, "a peasant girl ought to be very glad to have a silk and satin costume, so I think the prima donna was entirely justified. Don't you?"

"I had not thought of it in that light, and that only proves how sluggish a man's mind can become, lacking the grape whereby life's leaden metal——"

"Major Max! what in ever are you talking about? A minute ago you were asking if I knew a song about 'life's leaden metal,' and now you are at it again." Mrs. Max looked up from her embroidery now. She observed as she did so that the small bottle of wine she had ordered for the Major before she took up her work was as empty as his glass, and added: "Why, you have nothing to drink!"

"That's what I've been asking for all along. I did not want to disturb you too abruptly, although

> "'My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry;
> But fill me with the old familiar juice,
> Methinks I might recover by and by.'"

"I do think, Major," exclaimed Mrs. Max as she pushed the button, "Mr. Omar must have been like some of the modern singers, as it has made you thirsty just to talk about him."

"He has a tendency to affect me that way," the Major said, winking with great gravity at the setter dog.

That the Wisest Suffer Most.

HAT Mrs. Jack Daring will certainly be the death of me," exclaimed Mrs. Max, "and I'm sure our old-fashioned champagne glasses are much prettier than the straight glasses."

THAT THE WISEST SUFFER MOST.

Mrs. Max held the wide-flanged and "cypress-slender minister of wine" to her lips, and regarded her husband thoughtfully.

The Major was really thinking that his wife made a very pretty picture, and wondered if she would object to posing for a portrait holding a wine glass so, but he only answered:

"I am led to conjecture, from your always entertaining and realistic accounts of Mrs. Jack's goings on, that she will accomplish her own death before yours, my dear. What has she been doing now, buying straight champagne glasses, or drinking champagne straight, or—er what?"

"How absurd! I said nothing about champagne. This time it is not what she has been doing, but what she has been telling me, that is so killing. You know that Fannie Courtlandt has a footman or groom or something who takes her

down to the slums, where she feeds people, which is all right, I suppose, because she likes it, though why in ever those people don't feed each other, I'm sure."

"Possibly they're too busy, or have nothing to feed each other with," suggested the Major.

"Do you think so?" cried Mrs. Max, in wide-eyed horror. "That is just what Mrs. Jack was telling me, but of course, I didn't believe it, because she's so emotional, you know. Well, Mrs. Jack heard Fannie telling about the slums, so, of course, she had to go there, too, Mrs. Jack did. She told me about a family of four people, a father and mother, a little girl 10 years old, and a very young baby. The father was sick, the mother couldn't work because the baby was so young, and the little girl, who worked where they make artificial flowers—I'll never wear another as long as I live—couldn't get her wages. The man who hired her promised her $1.75 a week, but after she'd worked two weeks he said she had only earned 75 cents a week. They have courts there, Mrs. Jack says, Civil Justice courts, she said, where they go when people don't pay wages or rent, and the Judge—I'm sure he must be a very nice man—said the little girl should get what the man promised her, and besides, he made the man pay her $10 for

what Mrs. Jack says they call exemplary damages, or something. Well, do you know that on the same day, in the same court, a wicked man got an order to turn the little girl's father out of their room, just because they could not pay $8 rent? Mrs. Jack says that they would all have been turned out, with nothing to eat and no place to sleep, and almost nothing to wear, if it had not been for the $10 the little girl got. People are turned out like that, Mrs. Jack says. You wouldn't think there was such suffering right here, would you, Major?"

The Major filled his glass and emptied it with deliberation before he answered:

"Yes, I believe I have read of such cases. But I fear I am rather more of a philosopher than a philanthropist, and am inclined more to make comparisons than contributions. You remember Parker Rossiter?"

"Why, yes; but he has sent regrets to my dinner invitations so long that I thought he must be dead."

"You are correct in both of the assumptions contained in your comment, my dear: that nothing but death would keep a man from accepting an invitation to dine with you, and that Parker would arise from the dead rather than commit such a breach of etiquette as not to reply to a dinner invitation. But Parker is not dead, ex-

cept to the old world which knew him so well for so many years. He still lives; that is, he still retains his capacity to suffer, and that is what I was going to tell you about.

"You remember that he inherited a fairly decent fortune—that is, for a man of his quiet tastes—eight or nine thousand dollars a year. He had no extravagances; was, as you remember, merely a type of the better sort of society man. He belonged to two or three good clubs, kept a saddle horse, patronized artists and musicians in a quiet way, had a pew in church, was always available for any social duty demanded of him by the women in his set, and religiously paid all of his social obligations."

"I remember very well," interrupted Mrs. Max. "We used to have a joke about him. He had a regular programme for paying social debts. He would pay off a dinner with a theatre party, and a theatre party with a restaurant dinner; a dancing party invitation brought a bunch of roses, and an afternoon tea a bonbonniere. If he accepted a house party invitation, some time during that year the hostess would be sure to get from him a lovely little oil painting, and he always gave delightful wedding presents."

"Yes, that was Parker Rossiter," resumed the Major. "At the end of each month he

managed to pay his bills, for if one month had been extravagant he would average up on the next month by taking water with his claret, as the French say. Well, three years ago something happened to poor Parker's income. Some Trust or other consolidated most of it out of existence, leaving him about a thousand dollars a year. He was no more equipped than a baby to earn a living; he was not the man to have influence to secure him a sinecure nor to use that influence if he had it. He resigned from all but one club, and went to live in a little hall bedroom, heaven only knows where. The restaurants he can afford to patronize would offer a luxurious banquet to your little artificial flower-girl's father, but poor Parker frequently leaves those restaurants hungry. Of course he has declined every invitation of every kind. Plenty of men do put themselves daily under social obligations they know they can never pay; Parker could no more do that than he would borrow money he could not pay. With the exception of one club membership, he has given up everything in life that for twenty years had been to him what makes life worth living. I see him at the club frequently. He goes there ostensibly to read the papers, really to be in an atmosphere in which he can breathe. No member of the club is treated with greater consideration by the

other members; they all see in him a helpless, hopeless child, as surely dying of privation as the most unfortunate wretch in the slums. Possibly the process is inflicting upon him keener suffering than is felt by those who complain—he never does that. But how prosy I am, my dear! Do you happen to know who wrote these lines:

"'Is it true, oh, Christ in heaven! that the wisest suffer most;
That the strongest wander furthest and most hopelessly are lost;
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain;
That the anguish of the singer lends its sweetness to the strain?'"

The Squaring of Bob.

COL. BOB BILLINGS had been dining with Mr. and Mrs. Max, and after dinner he talked of Mrs. Jack Daring. He had not introduced the subject, for he is one of the most cautious men, conversationally, in the world, and he would never be guilty of talking about one woman whom he was known to admire to another woman of anywhere near the same age and equally admirable. Mrs. Max had herself led the conversation around to Mrs. Jack, in fact had rather persisted in the topic; and, with this warrant for doing so, Bob had contributed some pleasant chat about Mrs. Jack's chafing-dish suppers. Once started, he had become a trifle enthusiastic in praise of Mrs. Jack's chafing-dish successes, and had spoken of her proficiency in that respect as something new and charming in feminine accomplishments.

Mrs. Max is almost infantile in her ingenuousness, as young wives of middle-aged husbands are apt to be—if they happen to be in love with their husbands. It was this phase of the lady's altogether charming nature which showed to the Major, even before Bob's departure, that that

unlucky man was suddenly and intensely unpopular. Of course, being a man, he had not the slightest idea wherein Bob had offended, and, having failed by his unassisted efforts to solve the mystery, he determined to learn from Mrs. Max.

She was in a dressing-gown in her room, engaged in that thoughtful, bedtime occupation of brushing out her hair, when the Major called out from his room:

"What has that unfortunate Billings gone and done now, my dear?"

There was some moments' silence, broken only by the long, slow swish of the hair-brushes, before Mrs. Max replied:

"Nothing. I think he is one of your most charming friends."

The Major walked into his wife's room, looked about unsuccessfully for an unoccupied chair to sit down in, then backed up before the grate fire and remarked thoughtfully:

"I entertained a remote suspicion that old Bob was in disgrace in your gentle bosom, but since, happily, you removed that carking thought I will amuse myself in telling you a pretty little tale wherein then Lieut. Robert Billings figures as an adorable hero."

Mrs. Max laid down her brushes and recklessly sat down on something on a chair

that the Major had not thought would endure sitting on, and said decisively:

"You just needn't tell me any more stories about Bob Billings. He is just as stupid as of course any man is who has never been married at his age. He and his Mrs. Jack Daring's new accomplishments with a chafing-dish! New, indeed!"

Then Mrs. Max arose and resumed her brushes. The Major regarded her admiringly, and then smiled, until he saw that she had discovered his smile in the mirror, then he said, soberly:

"My dear, you are never so completely my ideal as when you abandon the inexactitudes commonly observed in feminine conversation, banish utterly the confusing non sequitur, and give yourself wholly to logical discourse. When you remind me that Bob is stupid, and prove it by Mrs. Jack Daring's chafing-dish, I feel that in meeting yours my own exiguous mentality is in no danger of decline for lack of exercise. Have I your permission to light a cigarette? And to remove one of these articles from one of these chairs? And to sit down?"

"You have my permission to tell me what you are talking about," said Mrs. Max with great severity, but she lighted a cigarette and gave it to the Major.

"In other words, then," said the Major, "what has Mrs. Jack's chafing-dish to do with Bob's unpopularity?"

"I never said he was unpopular; and besides, Mrs. Jack Daring didn't know a chafing-dish from a preserve-jar until this craze for chafing-dish suppers came along."

"Whereas you have been past mistress of the chafing-dish mysteries ever since forever. I begin to understand," the Major said.

"Why, of course," Mrs. Max exclaimed, brightening. "Didn't my father teach me to cook in a chafing-dish as soon as I came from school? That's what I mean, don't you know? Then men like Bob Billings come back here from wherever you kill Indians, and see a woman like Mrs. Jack pottering over a chafing-dish, and spoiling everything she touches, and then come and tell me that it's a delightful new accomplishment some ladies have. It's just like those English people who expect us to be astonished when they tell us they take a bath every day. If Bob Billings had a wife, he'd have some sense."

"There's something in that, as the man said when he put on his shoe with a mouse in it," remarked the Major, thoughtlessly knocking the ashes from his cigarette into a hairpin tray, "and that reminds me of the little story I was

going to tell you. When Bob and I were in that Nez Perces campaign, we called those days Sundays when it happened that we didn't have some sort of fight or brush with the Indians. We had about four Sundays in four months. Bob is a fool of a fellow about some other things besides chafing-dishes, and among them is that he doesn't know what fear is. Possibly I should say that he does not know what danger is. We never had a scrimmage that Bob was not in it where there was the greatest likelihood of his being killed. There was no bravado about him; he had taken a fancy for killing Indians because in our first scrimmage he had lost a dear friend—his favorite horse. Well, in those four months Bob saw about as much of Indians and Indian fighting as most Indian fighters do in a lifetime. The first time he was in New York after that he and I were at dinner one evening where a sweet little tuft-hunting fool of a woman made valiant siege for Bob's attentions. She saw that he was being lionized for something; she did not know for what—did not even know that he was in the army. 'My dear Mr. Billings,' she said to him impressively, 'you must let me engage you for my next Thursday night. I know you will come when I tell you that I am so fortunate as to promise that you shall meet there Charley Fitz-Urse Perkins, who

is a most daring traveller. He has been quite to Montana, accompanied only by his valet, where I assure you he saw a real live Indian.'"

"What did Bob say to her?" asked Mrs. Max, after a comfortable little giggle.

"I forget," said the Major, "what he said to her, but I recall what he said to me as we walked home. Shall I repeat it to you?"

"Perhaps you had better not: but tell Bob to come up some night next week and I'll cook him a chafing-dish terrapin stew," said Mrs. Max.

The Mystery of Man and Mushrooms.

CURIOUS thing is that even the civilian most nearly approaching the man of sense will, when moved to consider us at all, persist in referring to army officers as 'men of blood,' or refer to us as having been 'trained in the art of killing.' Therefore, I shall give up my great work on 'How to Distinguish the Edible Mushroom.'"

THE MYSTERY OF MAN AND MUSHROOMS.

"Major," said Mrs. Max softly, "what is it I have sometimes heard you say I am?"

"An angel, always, my dear!"

"Of course always an angel, but sometimes—inconsequential?"

"If the word has passed my lips in relation to you, it was in praise. Fancy life with a consequential woman! You were about to remark?"

"That what in ever you mean by mixing mushrooms with men of blood, I'm sure!"

"Exactly, my dear. I should earn, as you suggest, the reputation of revelling in the death of my fellow-creatures if I completed and published my great work on the mushroom. I have come to this conclusion not through any

doubt as to the lucidity of my literary style, for compared to it I have long considered the rays from a purest gem serene a Cimmerian atmospheric attribute——"

"Major!" interrupted Mrs. Max in great alarm; "you will pardon me, won't you? I did not notice your glass." She filled his glass, watched him drink, filled it again, and said hopefully: "Now you'll talk English, won't you—New York English; the kind I like and understand?"

"I am pleased, Mrs. Max, that you seem to consider the emptiness of my glass responsible for the fulness of my speech, since you object to the speech and are in reach of the glass. In what you quaintly describe as New York English, I shall now explain that I have concluded that the human intellect is capable of all but one mental achievement, and that is the understanding of the difference between the edible and inedible mushroom. Men master the mysteries of the heavens; solve the secrets of the ocean's depths; rend, with the alchemist's thunder, the dark recesses of the earth; control with artful device the——"

"But when they're real fresh, I think, broiled, on toast, with a sauce maitre d'hotel, they're lovely for breakfast," interrupted Mrs. Max with sudden enthusiasm.

The Major called the setter to his knee and pinched that amazed animal's ear until the dog whimpered with pain. Then, when Mrs. Max wanted to know what was the matter, the Major replied, huskily, that the setter had interrupted him. Thereupon Mrs. Max ordered the setter out of the room, and with dreamy placidity resumed her fancy work. After several minutes' silence she looked up and inquired sweetly: "What were you going to say about mushrooms, Major?"

The Major emptied his glass and then said slowly: "Only this, that, as it seems impossible to divert human beings from the excitement of poisoning themselves with inedible mushrooms, and as they poison themselves the more the more they are instructed, I have decided that any effort on my part in the way of instruction would only result in increasing the death-rate, an end commendable in itself and condemnable only in an army officer."

"But," said Mrs. Max, with proud importance, "Col. Bob Billings told Mrs. Jack Daring that when you were a lieutenant you killed more Indians than any of your soldiers, though I'm sure the way their squaws carry their papooses on their backs is quite cunning. Mrs. Jack asked Col. Bob how the squaws powdered

the papooses, and he said with puff balls. Is that so?"

"Bob may have studied the puff ball in its relation to the aboriginal infant's toilet, but I did not. To me the puff ball was interesting only as an article of diet. I knew it as the 'Lycoperdon giganteum.'"

"But, Major, you don't mean to say that you ate things with such horrid names! But," continued Mrs. Max after a thoughtful pause, "if you took the trouble to learn all about its Latin parts, I should think you would print a piece about it; for what's the use knowing so much unless people know, you know."

The Major went to his desk, and returning to the table, lovingly unfolded some manuscript, regarded it with a mixture of affection and respect, and then replied: "It must remain unpublished, but it shall not die a song unsung. Do not start, my dear; I only purpose reading extracts—to sing certain bars, so to say—of my chapter on the 'L. Giganteum.' Speaking of extracts and bars, would you kindly? Thank you!"

During blissful tens of minutes the Major indulged in the ecstasy of reading aloud his own composed language—happy in that, happy in the absence of comment by Mrs. Max; happy that she had placed the decanter so that he

could refill his glass without taking his eyes from the manuscript.

At last, reluctantly, he paused, observed the peaceful slumbers of Mrs. Max, and silently rolled up his manuscript. The setter, which had stolen into the library again, looked at the Major, and then, with some evidence of acerbity, woke up Mrs. Max. As she opened her eyes, that lady said: "How sweetly you read, Major!"

"In this case, 'the anguish of the singer lends its sweetness to the tone,'" remarked the Major, replacing the manuscript in his desk.

The Emancipation of Mrs. Max.

EALLY, Major, if I had any influence with the Government —what do you say, the Administration?—well, with the Administration, I should have that Bob Billings deprived of his leave from his regiment. It's really impossible, you know, shocking! Why in ever it's that way, I'm sure!"

"Did I understand you to say that the Administration is 'really impossible,' and, furthermore, 'shocking'?"

"You know, Major," said Mrs. Max, in a slightly complaining tone, "I never said anything of the kind, for I know some really lovely people in Washington who wear some rather decent lace, except when they go to official functions. I said that that Bob Billings and his conduct with Mrs. Jack Daring are shocking."

"True, my dear, true," the Major said, apologetically. "It was stupid in me not to so divine when you referred to poor Bob as 'that' Bob Billings. Now, do you know that that 'that' that that feeling prompted you to modify Bob's name with is one which I view with alarm, and tremble to discover in our midst? There is

a frosty refinement of satire suggested thereby which would be unendurable to my sensitive nature had it not enabled me to reply in a sentence including five consecutively placed 'that's,' which I have long longed——"

"Major," interrupted Mrs. Max softly, but with an anguished look, "Major, will you please not to talk that way if I tell you something good?"

"Madam, I will not talk any way whatsoever so long as you entrance by telling me anything."

"Well, that vintage champagne came today."

"And has been unboxed?"

"Yes."

"And iced?"

"A case."

"A case, with reasonable moderation, will answer, I think, for an evening. Will you order a twelfth of a case uncorked? Thanks. You were ever kind and thoughtful. In the presence of this did I say I would not talk 'like that'? Madam, you behold in me, for the rest of the evening, a clam; an absorbent, admiring clam."

The Major put down his glass and regarded Mrs. Max admiringly. Indeed she deserved his admiration, for the glass she, too, had emptied had smoothed the only "wrinkle in the

rose leaf" ever observed in that charming lady's appearance; that is, an impression rather than an expression of being slightly bored.

The setter observed the change in her appearance, and, as he likes her best when she appears interested in anything, gravely walked to her side and put one big paw in her lap, pretending the while, as if not to spoil her with too much attention, to be observing the wine-cooler by her side, which gave his head and ears a pretty, drooping pose.

"What I was going to say," said Mrs. Max after a silent appreciation of the admiration she felt she was receiving, "was that Bob Billings makes me impatient with his annual trip to New York for no other purpose than to dangle at the belt of Mrs. Jack. If he won't marry, which he ought to do, then why doesn't he start a new flirtation, as other men do?"

"My dear," exclaimed the Major, "constancy is a virtue I have never heard condemned by woman until now."

"You don't understand, Major," Mrs. Max said, putting one dainty hand on the setter's broad head. "You don't understand, and you don't wish to, I fancy."

"What, not wish to unveil Isis?"

"What I mean is that I am not so angry with Bob as being sorry for him. Mrs. Jack is

not nearly as attractive as she was when Bob first began his—you understand—when he first joined her train, you know. I don't say she is falling off, for Mrs. Jack dresses as well as she ever did. It is not fair for a woman to keep a man like Bob, who is really growing handsomer every day, keep him in attendance when he would quickly enough be taken up, if he were free, by plenty of young married women, who care for that sort of a thing, you know; care for a showy, innocent flirtation, don't you know?"

During this speech the Major's eyes opened ever wider and wider. He tried hard to conceal his appreciation that Mrs. Max had taken a new and for her a daring viewpoint of a phase of social relations which she usually refused to see except from a distance, and with half-closed eyes. He directed the delight he could not wholly conceal, and which would have warned her if she had recognized it, toward the wine. He thereby obtained another glassful. Then he remarked with affected indifference:

"This seems to me to be a matter in which Mrs. Jack must be held guiltless of even bad form. Probably, if she were tired of Bob's attentions, she could not divert them. You see, a man like him, ten months in the year in a frontier army post, seeing nothing of women of his social class, keeps always fresh and sentimental

in his memory such a woman as Mrs. Jack after he has happened to start an innocent flirtation with her. He sees no one else to distract him, and goes mooning along, from guard mount to taps, always with the same face in his mind. Really, it is rather stupid of Bob."

"It isn't anything of the kind," Mrs. Max responded with some spirit. "I don't object to Bob mooning out in the wilds about the last woman he flirted with here; but I do object to Mrs. Jack taking such precious good care that she shall be that woman. Don't you suppose if she gave him a chance he'd have the fun of falling in love with another woman?"

"Falling in love?"

"Certainly. A man like Bob is entitled to the fun of falling in love with a different woman every year, and he'd be ever so much more interesting if he did."

"Madam, you discourage me. Here have I been your devoted slave and admirer for more than three years, and thereby keeping myself uninteresting."

"Major, do not be foolish. You are married. Besides that you married a young wife, and you will be interesting only so long as you remain in love with her. I am much younger than Mrs. Jack."

"My dear, you are a mere infant," said Major Max, walking over to where she had strolled by a portiere, beneath an Empire mirror —"but," he continued, lifting her hand to his lips, "a wise infant, and I long for more of your views concerning the case of Captain Bob and Mrs. Jack."

"I invited that Mrs. Violet Slanguered to dinner the other evening only to give Bob a chance, for she is young, pretty, and would flirt with a wooden Indian if nothing else offered. But you saw how Mrs. Jack, who is, of course, cleverer, fenced Violet off the instant Jack began to take notice."

"Now that you mention it, I believe I did observe Mrs. Jack constructing a wire fence around Bob that evening, but the reason why did not penetrate my denser masculine understanding," the Major said. "But your information amazes. You, usually the most lucid woman in the world, have left me now in an anguish of perplexity. Could you not, in easy words of one syllable, untangle the problem? So far as I am able to understand, you have receded with such momentum from the position that it is wrong for Bob to flirt with a married woman that you have landed squarely on the precious plank that it is wrong for him not to flirt with every married woman."

"With every married woman who likes to flirt," corrected Mrs. Max.

"The distinction is more apparent than real," said the Major to the setter. "Then your objection to Mrs. Jack's flirting is not, in fact, that she flirts, but that she continues a flirtation with Bob to the exclusion of Violet et al. Am I right?"

"I don't care anything about Violet in the matter. She is a woman, and can change her flirtation as often as she likes," Mrs. Max said.

"My mental darkness is becoming Cimmerian."

"You mean that you want me to ring for another bottle of wine. You always do when you use words I don't understand."

"Which you understand perfectly, as you prove," the Major remarked as his wife rang.

Mrs. Max walked over to the Major's chair and sat on its arm before she resumed, in a now-I'll-be-honest tone.

"It's like this, Major: There is something actually pathetic to most women in such a case as Bob Billings'. Every woman flirts——"

"Madam!"

"More or less——"

"Madam!"

"Some time in her life."

"Ah! I am relieved."

"You would not let me finish. Well, really, Major, I don't know just how to go on."

"I observe no lack of progress."

"Well, then, honest women do men an awful lot of good by flirting with them. It—er—it brightens them, and—er—refines them, don't you know. If I had a brother, I should want him to flirt a great deal with many different married women."

"This is social anarchism!" exclaimed the Major gravely, returning a wink from the setter.

"Listen. But if a man keeps up even the most innocent affair—I mean a single man with a married woman—year after year, he becomes—what do you say?—mauvais ton?"

"Vulgar?"

"Not quite that. Bob could never be that; but both conspicuous and cowed. I guess there is no word for it. It isn't nice, Major. The nicest women would not keep as good a chap as Bob in a position where he is sure to become—oh, there must be a word!—not quite roughened, you know, but blunted somehow. Not that Mrs. Jack isn't nice, but you must have noticed the way she wore that rose in her corsage the other evening. I feel so badly about the whole affair that I'm really sorry that Bob insists upon treating me as your daughter instead of your wife; for if he did not, I'd flirt with him myself."

Snails and Paternalism.

NOW, my caring for snails is, or, rather it should be, as it affects my neighbors, the same as my being a Paternalist: it is none of their business. As I have begun to explain, I have taken one dozen Burgundian snails, and—"

"But, Major!" interrupted Mrs. Max anxiously, "what in ever was that you said you were? A pater—paternal—what!"

"A Paternalist, my dear," answered the Major patiently. "That is what I am politically, a Paternalist."

"Oh, politically, I thought it meant something about something—why, something different besides politics, don't you know."

"No. They are quite the same thing; snails, politics, paternalism, when you don't understand them. I was about to add to your information in the matter of snails."

Mrs. Max handled the new silver snail tongs and picks with much interest; observed that if the snails were as nice as the tongs, which were the spring kind you press together when you want them to go apart; and added

that she was sure, with a singular lack of conviction, considering her form of expression.

The event was one of the Major's culinary surprises. He is very fond of snails "bourguignonnes." He sent some home a couple of weeks ago, but the cook, having only vaguely regarded his instructions as to their preparation, put them in cold water and did not put the water on the stove, whereupon they crawled out of their shells, and were thereafter observed by the horrified cook disporting themselves on the ceiling and walls. The butler had to be pressed into service to remove them, the cook having fainted. That was why the Major determined, when he next observed a fresh arrival from France, to take them home and give the cook an object lesson by preparing them himself. The complacency of Mrs. Max had been insured by a present of the tongs and picks, and they were now anticipating the arrival of the snails at the dinner table, the Major improving the opportunity for a description of his preparation of the "escargots."

"As I was saying," continued the Major, "I took my pretty little dozen of snails in their shells and threw them into a pot of boiling water, into which I had previously thrown a pinch of soda—some highly respected authorities prefer wood ashes."

"Are they seasoned with ashes, Major?" asked Mrs. Max in some alarm.

"They were yet a long way off from their seasoning. After they had boiled for fifteen minutes I took them out of their shells and still further cleansed them in several waters, and then boiled them, still out of their shells you will observe, my dear, for another fifteen minutes. Then I again threw them into cold water. Then, to make the shells perfectly clean and presentable, I gave them a separate cleaning. Next I made a most delectable paste of some finely chopped parsley, garlic—don't look shocked, my dear, the beauty of the Italian women's eyes comes, not from their souls, but from garlic—and green onions, which with salt and pepper I worked into mellow fresh butter. Then I went to the club for a couple of hours and gave Jack Daring a few points in pool."

"No wonder, Major, our cook couldn't prepare the snails. She has no club to go to."

"True," said the Major gravely. "However, there is a policeman on our block. Then I returned, wiped my shells dry, and thoroughly drained the snails. I put a little of the butter paste in each shell, and crowded in on top of it a snail, then over each snail I superimposed more of the paste, set all those snails from the vineclad hills of Burgundy, with their fine open faces up-

ward, into a pan, with a prayer to your now completely subjugated cook-lady to put them into a hot oven, on the middle shelf, to give them a thorough quick heating before they were served, and—here they come!"

And they came piping hot in the pan in which they had been heated, their spicy garlic odors delighting the Major, amazing his wife, and quite obfuscating the pretty waiting maid, whose already upward-tilted nose aspired to yet more heavenly angles.

When the Major had served them, six on madam's plate, six on his own, she regarded them with evidences of a desire to retreat, which only the restraining influence of the picks and tongs overcame, and asked, timidly:

"Now what do we do?"

"This," answered the Major. "You secure the shell with your tongs thus, extract the snail with the pick thus, and then—" A silent but eloquent object lesson followed as the snail passed the Major's lips, and the lesson closed as the Major drank the spicy sauce from the shell.

Mrs. Max breathed hard and looked a bit pale, but she faithfully obeyed the instructions of her lord and master, blinked hard a few times, and then her fair face was wreathed in the smile of a soothed palate.

"Paternalism, as I understand it," resumed the Major, "is that system of politics which acknowledges the grand truth that the majority is always wrong. It gives to the minority the control of the resources and products of the people with the wise understanding that the use and distribution of those resources and products will be determined in a manner to result in the greatest good to the greatest number. Let me explain by illustration: You and the setter dog constitute a majority in this room; I am the minority. We have upon the table a bottle of Bordeaux; among our resources is some excellent Burgundy; yet neither you nor the setter have had the wisdom to suggest that we open a bottle of Burgundy at this dinner, whereas that suggestion is in the mind of the minority, lodged there possibly by the coincidental fact that these snails, too, are from Burgundy, and of the variety which is found in the vineyards."

Mrs. Max rang the bell, and remarked, after she had given an order to carry out the wise decree of the minority:

"I should think, Major, that with your splendid ideas of politics you would run for office some time."

"You misapprehend, my dear," said the Major, as he lovingly poured the Burgundy. "I have a better idea of office than of politics."

Mrs. Max's Flirtation.

"OW is it," Mrs. Max asked, peering at the Major across the candles and roses, "why is it that whenever one starts to put on her right glove she always finds that it is the left glove she has picked up?"

MRS. MAX'S FLIRTATION.

"It is because when you want to go to Harlem you always strike a Fifty-eighth street train; but whether that proves that one should never go to Harlem or never wear gloves is a question potent of too many dangerous corollaries to be discussed in polite society," replied the Major. "For instance, my dear, if we were to permit ourselves to indulge the discussion, it could be demonstrated by pure logic that if you should not wear gloves, owing to the fact that you invariably pick up the wrong one first, I should never return home at night, because I invariably first produce from my pocket my desk-key instead of my house-key when I want to let myself in at the front door. Thus, while urban gayeties might be prolonged, the family, the unit of society, would be torn by more than conflicting emotions, and—"

"Major," interrupted Mrs. Max, "I some-

times think one drinks more champagne out of these big Bohemian glasses than when one uses champagne glasses."

"And was that fact suggested to you by anything I have recently said?" asked the Major dubiously.

"No, indeed!" Mrs. Max replied earnestly, "I heard every word you said—that you had lost your door-key, wasn't it? I was only thinking what a horrid fashion that is, drinking whiskey and water at dinner. At Mrs. Jack Daring's dinner the other evening half of the men and even some of the women drank whiskey and water. It's English, I know, but abominable."

"Therefore abominable, you mean," the Major exclaimed with emphasis. "Whiskey and water as an after-dinner beverage needs no defence. As a dinner beverage it is excusable only when gout is admitted by the drinker. For a diner not gouty to decline champagne in favor of whiskey denotes a mind capable of imitation only—a simian mind. It indicates an intellect arrested; a soul warped by an overmastering desire to achieve greatness at the expense of individuality. It denotes——"

"But Mrs. Jack is perfectly good form, and she drank whiskey and water."

"Mrs. Jack has the gout."

"Major!"

"I repeat to you in the strictest confidence what Jack told me under the same conditions; Mrs. Jack has experienced symptoms of the gout in her Trilby toes."

"How do you know her toes are Trilby toes?"

"When she was eight years old," replied the Major gravely, "I taught her to swim, and her toes were disclosed to my admiring gaze."

"I don't see how you can remember so long," Mrs. Max said, smiling inquiringly. Then she added soberly: "I thought she was drinking whiskey and water just because Bob Billings did. She always does the strangest things when Bob is here. She had the cucumbers served with the roast instead of with the shad the other night."

"Which, barbarous as it was," commented the Major, "did not impress me with the same depressing emotions I felt when I saw Mrs. Jack standing on the stairs in front of the balcony railing of their music-room. Can you, with your feminine perspicacity, direct my mind along a channel wherein it may flow with reasonable calmness until it has arrived at some placid pool of understanding in this regard?"

"Of course you are talking nonsense, Major," said Mrs. Max, "but if you really

want to know why Mrs. Jack stood near the top of the stairs in front of the balcony railing while she sang, it was just to make a picture of herself. And she had Jack and Bob grouped back of her to form a background for the same purpose."

"You relieve my mind, my dear. From where we were, you know, on the opposite side of the gallery, we could not see the stairway, and I was in a painful state of mind as to what Mrs. Jack was standing on. I merely observed that she was not standing upon ceremony, for that most audacious woman was flirting with her own husband, if ever Jack Daring was flirted with in his life."

Mrs. Max giggled a little, and said: "Really, Major, it was very clever of you to discover that. Of course every woman in the room saw it instantly, but I had no idea that there was a man there clever enough to find it out."

"I did feel proud of the discovery," the Major said with great humility, "and if I had been able to find out why she was doing it I should have felt that the evening was not without profit in the matter of accumulating that character of worldly wisdom which alone can arm us against the wiles of those who would sell social gold bricks to us. I should really like to know for another purpose; I want to tell

Jack. That poor devil stood there twisting his mustache, a picture of bewilderment, when his wife was making eyes at him. He was too bewildered even to enjoy the novelty of the situation."

"Do you really want to know?" asked Mrs. Max gently, digging the setter dog's ribs with the point of her shoe.

"My dear," the Major responded with much seriousness, "to prove to you how wildly anxious I am to know, I will agree, if you will tell me, to impart to you my most cherished secret, the proportions of vermouth and Amer Picon which rightly belong in a Max cocktail."

"You have been trying to tell me that ever since we were married, so that I could save you the trouble of mixing them. If you will not inform me, I'll tell you why Mrs. Jack was flirting with her husband."

"I am silent."

"It was because," said Mrs. Max, smiling, but the point of her shoe made the setter whine, "it was because I had been doing what for a year I have been threatening to do——"

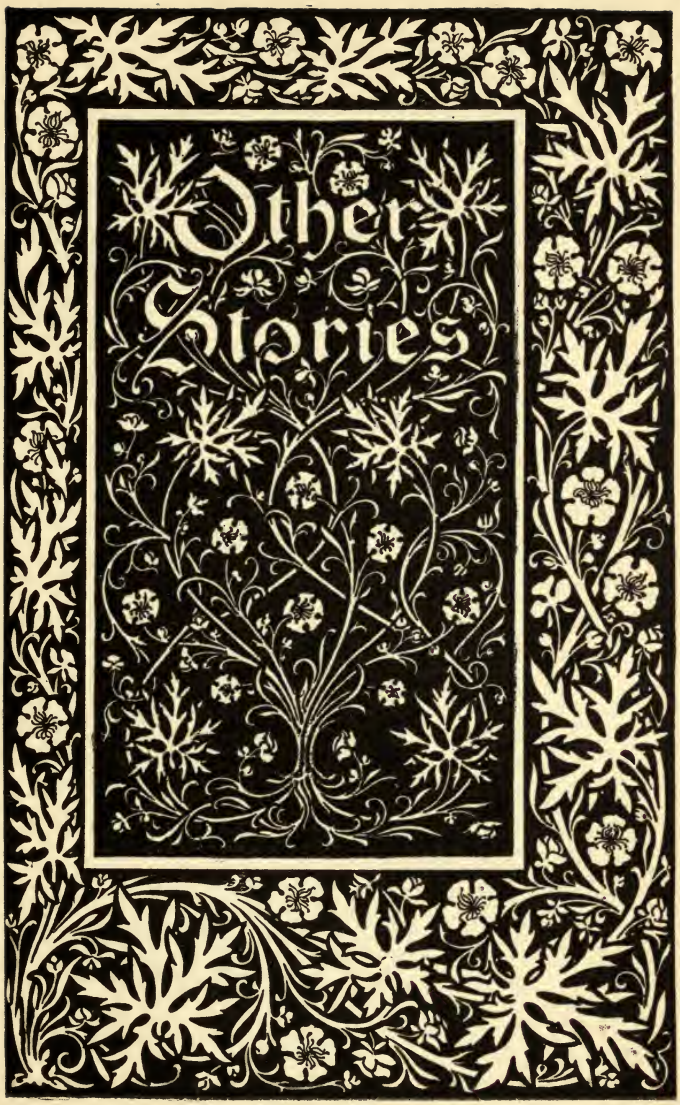
"Madam, you agitate and alarm me; you are also spoiling the setter's coat. End this suspense!"

"It was," resumed Mrs. Max, smiling

still more, but the setter slowly moved around the table toward the Major; "it was because I had been flirting desperately all the evening with Bob myself."

"Madam!"

"I told you I had half a notion to do so to save him from Mrs. Jack. Well, that night I had the whole notion. Do you know, Major, Bob has been tied to Mrs. Jack's apron-strings so long he doesn't know how to flirt any more —or else I don't."


Other
Stories

JUST me and the murdered lady was the only American ladies in the tenement," said the woman who had given Tommy a piece of crust with some sugar on it.

Tommy could not eat the crust, and did not seem to care even for the sugar, for after he had held it to his pale lips a moment he let it drop from his little weak fingers to the floor, where two larger children fought for it until one of the Italian women rapped them over their heads and drove them out of the room, still snarling and fighting.

Pietro, the old Italian boarder, who held Tommy in his arms, crooned, "Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" and tried to place the baby's arms about his own brown and wrinkled neck, but Tommy's hands dropped to his side, too weak to do anything else.

"Her name was Maggie," continued the American to the stranger. "She come here from Cherry Hill and took up with a Guinny here in Mulberry Bend. He abused her terrible, and the chair is too good for him."*

Some of the Italian men scowled at the

* The electrical execution chair.

word "Guinny." They could not understand all the American woman said, but they caught that word and showed their resentment. The Italian women, who could understand less English than the men, moaned, "Oh, Gesu! Oh, Gesu! Oh, Santa Maria!" their feelings moved more by the excitement than by horror at the crime or sorrow for the murdered woman. Maggie had not been popular in that back tenement, nor in the court in front of it, where nearly all the life they knew went on.

"Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" crooned old Pietro, patting the child's thin, dirty little hands with one of his big hard palms.

Tommy turned his pale, pinched face and big, beautiful, hopeless eyes toward Pietro, sighed wearily, and then his eyelids drooped and closed; not in sleep, in languor.

"I wonder will the Society Agent be here first, or the wagon," a young woman they called Lena said, with an air of important anticipation.

"The wagon, sure," answered Lizzie, the American woman, as one understanding the governmental affairs of Mulberry Bend better than any one else not born there could.

Lena had come from the other side of the Bowery, Hester street way. She took up with a pickpocket, not of her race, and had been

driven from her people's colony. Even on the Bend she dared not go round to the Baxter street side of the block, for they are nearly all Jews there; as nearly so as on the Mulberry street side they are Italians. So she was practically a prisoner in the tenement and its court, because the police would not let her go out on the street on her own side of the block, since the orders came from Headquarters to keep the women out of the saloons there for the protection of Jack ashore.

"It's near time for the wagon, then, ain't it?" Lena asked of Lizzie.

"Sure not," Lizzie responded. "Hasn't the cop to go to the Tombs with Joe and wait till he is held? And then the Sergeant sends word to the Coroner, and he sends the wagon. I know well how it's done."

Lena was impressed by this display of superior knowledge, and remained silent for a time. She looked into the closet bedroom, where Maggie's body was huddled in the corner where she had fallen on her knees while Joe slashed her life out.

The policeman had taken away only Joe and the knife; all else in the blood-spattered room remained as it was an hour ago, when the startled tenants rushed in and found Tommy crawling over the body, and Joe, maniacally

drunk, laughing and sobbing and cursing on Pietro's bed in the room where the crowd was now, one of the two rooms occupied by Joe and Maggie and Tommy and the boarder.

"I wonder couldn't we do something to make Maggie look decenter," Lena whispered, after a long pause, during which the only sounds had been the moaning of the women, "Oh, Gesu!" and the crooning of old Pietro, "Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!"

"I wonder you want to go to the Island," Lizzie snapped back harshly. "Don't you know you'd get pinched if you touched the body before the wagon comes? When Mollie Arditti's Johnnie fell from the window and was dead before Mollie got there, and she carried him up to her room, didn't the wagon men threaten to send her to the Island for making them climb all the stairs, when the kid died in the court? That's the law. Ain't it, Mr. Moran?"

Mr. Moran was the policeman left on guard until the wagon and the Society Agent should come to take the body and the baby. He was seated by the window, on the only chair in the room, reading a newspaper. He told the women to shut their mouths and not trouble him.

The room where the tenants were gathered

was not more than ten feet wide and not quite so deep as that, for the back tenements are shallow buildings. Still the owner felt justified in crowding two sets of rooms on each floor; a two-room set in front looking out on the court, and a three-room set in the rear—there was more space there, the stair-well being in front—looking out on the sheds where the wagon peddlers stabled their horses.

The larger of the two rooms, the one in which the neighbors were, contained the stove, a tin trunk which Joe had brought with him from Italy, one chair, and Pietro's cot. In the little room adjoining there was only a bundle of blankets and clothes on which Joe, Maggie, and Tommy slept.

Pietro paid the rent for both rooms, but he had, besides his bed, his breakfast and dinner when there was anything to cook and Maggie was sober enough to prepare a meal. This was not often lately, but Pietro did not complain, for he was fond of little two-year-old Tommy, and as Pietro was the only person in the world who ever treated him kindly, ever treated him at all, except to kick him out of the way, Tommy was fond of Pietro.

"How did this happen, any way?" asked the policeman lazily when he had finished reading his paper. He was not much interested in

the case, for he had not assisted in making the arrests, and would not be mentioned in the newspaper stories.

"Joe was drunk last night," Lizzie began, when Lena interrupted with:

"No drunker than Maggie. She filled that bottle three times to my knowing."

Lena pointed to a soda-water bottle on the cold stove.

"Three times is 15 cents," said the officer. "Where'd she get the price?"

The women looked at each other knowingly, but did not answer the officer's question.

Lizzie continued: "Joe's been up against it three days, spending the rent Pietro gave him; but I heard him come in last night. He was drunk, but he did not beat Maggie. This morning he found the dispossess notice, and that made him mad, though it was him that spent Pietro's money that should have gone to pay the rent, and he beat Maggie till Pietro got him to stop. Joe went out then and got drunk again. When he came back Pietro was gone, and Joe done Maggie with the knife."

"Oh, Gesu! Oh, Santa Maria!" moaned the Italian woman to whom the men were making a running translation of Lizzie's story.

"Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" mur-

mured Pietro, gently touching the child's still face resting against his breast.

"Joe hadn't worked for a week," said Lena.

"Well, an honest man can't find work every day," Lizzie exclaimed.

This was a stab at Lena, whose man was a pickpocket, and when it was translated to the Italian women they shrugged their shoulders and turned their backs on Lena. Their husbands were honest men. Some gathered waste paper, some peddled fruit from pushcarts, and some swept the streets.

"Well, he had a right not to ask her to make a living for him—and women chased off the streets!" Lena retorted angrily.

No one responded to this, and she added, going over by the policeman's chair and looking out of the window: "I wonder the wagon wouldn't come."

She looked out on the stone-paved court, where, through a network of intervening clotheslines, she could see women and children sorting paper from the big bags the men brought in from their carts on the street; writing-paper in one pile, newspaper in another, glazed paper in a third, and straw paper and board in a fourth. They were not working with their usual sombre industry and disregard of all else, by which the whole family, helping the husband

and father, can sometimes make $5 a week. There was an unusual and powerful outside interest which made them frequently cast anxious and expectant glances at the mouth of a tunnel-like passageway which led to the street. It was through that passageway the wagon men must come with the box. Now and then one, more impatient than the others, would send a child out to the street to inquire if the wagon was in sight. Lena overheard one of the children return and report that the wagon could not yet be seen from either end of the bend, and then she said to Lizzie: "Come into my room. I have the price."

As she passed Pietro she stopped, patted the baby's hands, and said: "I'll send out for some milk for Tommy."

Pietro smiled his delight. He had given Joe all of his money, ten cents, in the morning, as a bribe to stop beating Maggie, and he sorrowed that he could not buy milk for the baby.

"Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" he said; "Towmy like-a milk, good-a milk."

The two women went into the back room on the floor below, and sent out one of the children in the hall with eight cents and two bottles—five cents for the gin and three cents for the milk. The bottles were soon returned filled, and a mouthful of gin was given to the

messenger—he declined the milk—for his services.

Pietro walked up and down the little room with Tommy, up and down, up and down, turning each time so that the baby might not look into the next room where the thing was in the corner. But Tommy would not have seen, for his eyes were closed. Often Pietro went to the hall and looked down the gloomy stairs to see if the women were coming with the milk. He could hear them shouting songs in the room below, but no one came with the milk.

"Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" crooned the old man. He took off the red handkerchief from his throat and laid it over Tommy's head, for it was chill in the room. Pietro thought hard of some other way of getting food Tommy could eat. Some of the other women in the house might send out for a penny's worth of milk, he thought, but he dreaded to ask them then. He knew they were all excited and expectant over the event of the coming of the wagon, and would resent any suggestion of a task which might cause them to miss a detail of the ceremony.

"After the wagon has come and gone, then, if the Agent don't come soon, I'll ask," thought Pietro, and he held the baby closer to his rough coat, for the room seemed more chill.

Suddenly the court was alive with excitement as a swarm of children poured into it through the passage from the street. They heralded the wagon men, and the windows of the front and back tenements were instantly crowded with women's heads.

There was a frantic rush up the stairs of the back tenement ahead of the wagon men, but this was roughly checked by the policemen on guard.

The wagon had been delayed, and before the men had gathered up what they came for the agent arrived—the agent of the Society which rescues children from that life, when those who could prevent such rescues by the law are in jail or in the Morgue. Before the face of that agent the children fled in terror and their mothers hid them.

"Where is the child?" the agent asked as he entered the room.

The women pointed to Pietro, who, frightened, smiled, clinging closer to Tommy.

The agent in a kindly manner took the red handkerchief from off Tommy's head. He looked at the baby, felt its pulse, placed his ear to its heart, and then said to the wagon men:

"This goes with you too. It is not a case for me."

Pietro felt of the baby's face, gasped and shrieked:

"Oh, Gesu! Oh, Gesu! Poor Towmy! Poor Towmy!" and the women wailed, "Oh, Madonna!"

At L'Hotel de Blank.

EW men now take their wives, sisters, and daughters to the Restaurant de l'Hotel de Blank, although many did so ten or fifteen years ago. Yet it is always crowded at dinner-time, and there are husbands, bachelors, and fathers there dining with well-dressed women. But that is a suggestion of a social problem it would certainly be hazardous and probably profitless to discuss. This is a simple story of a single incident, without moral or problem.

AT L'HOTEL DE BLANK.

The usual rattle of lively talk and noisy bustle of waiters one evening there were suddenly and strangely quieted, when a man of about thirty-five years entered with an elderly woman.

They looked around with hesitating indecision, until the head waiter, with a little more than his usual ceremony, escorted them to a central table. The woman, more than the man, seemed to be conscious of the sudden quiet their entrance had caused, and she, too, excited the greater curiosity among the crowd of diners. She was a lady. It was that fact

which created the wonderment. She was richly dressed in an old-fashioned style that had a quaint look there, and this quaintness was greatly emphasized by a long gray curl which hung down from beneath her bonnet nearly to her shoulder, in the mode of a generation ago. The man was a gentleman, distinction and breeding perfectly apparent in him, despite his weather-beaten face and hands, and the evidence, in his dress, of some Western tailor's machinations.

It was minutes before the diners resumed their conversation, and even then the odd couple continued to be the object of furtive inspection from all sides. The talk went on in a lower tone and in some way there had been a change in the whole atmosphere of the place.

The next couple which entered the room created something of a sensation too, but of a different and more familiar kind. They were recognized by many of the diners as they walked straight to a table which had evidently been reserved for them in the rear of the room, where the woman took her place with her back to the other diners.

She was a handsome girl, with a rebellious face. Her costume in every particular was in the fashion, but noticeable as being extreme in those effects which hint the fashion of to-mor-

row. As she passed the table where the odd couple sat she turned her head aside to return some greeting, and did not notice them, but the lady with the gray curl saw her and started so visibly that her companion asked:

"What is it, mother?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Why, that was Mr. Bronson who just came in."

"What, Frank?" asked the man eagerly.

He half rose, with the evident intention of following to the rear table. His mother laid her hand on his arm to detain him, and as she did so the man at the rear table rose, with a look of amazement, and quickly walked over to them. He greeted the mother with a deference in which there was a slight constraint, and then grasped the man's hand affectionately.

"Why, my dear old Jack!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were still out in the West digging gold or killing Indians or whatever you have been doing these dozen years. I can hardly believe my eyes seeing you here."

There was a slight and peculiar accent on the "here" which the speaker seemed to impose tentatively, but it carried no special meaning to the man who heard, for he responded frankly and heartily:

"Just got in an hour ago. Mother met me

in Philadelphia, where she was visiting, and, as our house is closed, I insisted on coming here for dinner—the old place, you know. But changed somehow, isn't it?"

Frank gave a curious glance at the mother before he answered:

"I don't think many of the old set come here often now. I fancy you have not been here for some time, Mrs. Harrison. I still dine here occasionally."

"If any of your people are with you, we can get a larger table and dine together," said Jack.

"No, no! No one you know, old man. I'll see you at the club to-morrow," replied Frank hastily, and bowing again to Mrs. Harrison, he returned to his own table.

Jack looked at his mother in surprise.

"That's not much like Frank," he said. "What is the matter? The place has changed."

He looked about at the people more critically than he had before.

"Perhaps we should have gone somewhere else, as you suggested, mother. But I have been dreaming for a month of the dinner I'd order here. I used to amuse myself out there with Thompson, my mining partner, telling him about this restaurant. By the way,

mother, you have said very little in your letters for a year about his daughter, Nina. Her father is your devoted slave for what you did for her when I—that is, we—sent her to you four years ago to be put in school. Was she not a lovely girl, mother? I had hard work, after we 'struck it rich,' to prevail on her father to let her come here for some polishing. I think he gave in at last because he suspected then what I must tell you now, mother—that I love Nina, and wanted her fitted to be your daughter. Mother! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, my boy. It is close here, and I am excited by your return, and—and—I think we had better go home, John."

Nearly every one turned and looked curiously at the odd couple as they left the restaurant—he tenderly anxious; she pale and trembling, leaning on his arm.

"What's the sensation, Frank?" asked Bronson's companion, who had noticed the little commotion but had not turned round, for her glass was being filled with champagne and she was waiting impatiently for that.

"Why, it's a curious story," exclaimed Bronson. "When I left you a moment ago it was to speak to an old friend of mine who has just returned from the wilds, and the innocent chap had brought his mother here to dine. His

mother; think of it! She lives down in this part of town—belongs to an old swell set—but I dare say did not know, any more than he, just what sort of gang patronizes this place now."

The woman was looking at him wickedly.

"Well, just what sort of a gang does patronize this place, now?" she asked slowly, in a voice that did not match her eyes.

"Well, we are pretty regular customers ourselves, for instance," he replied with a laugh.

"Oh, I see," said the girl. "What is your innocent friend's name?"

"Jack Harrison. Why, what the devil is the matter with you, Nina?"

"Where Sorrow Has Trodden."

HE fellow appeared to be quietly laughing as he sat there on the sand, his back against a sea-weed-draped rock. As I had observed no one else about, and as the scene was anything but mirth-provoking, I looked around to see what it was that amused him. Everything appeared just as it had already been vividly photographed on my mind—

"WHERE SORROW HAS TRODDEN."

"By the sands where sorrow has trodden; the salt-pools, bitter and sterile;
By the thundering reef, and the low sea-wall, and the channel of years."

Certainly there was nothing mirth-provoking in sight. The very heavens, low and gray, were depressing; the surf beat pitilessly against the black rocks, whose long tresses of seaweed swayed mournfully to and fro with the waves, like a drowning woman's hair. A seabird, sailing swiftly with the wind, passed close by me, shrieking shrilly in my startled ears.

"Nothing," I said aloud in my annoyance, "to make a person laugh, unless"—and I

shuddered, the wind was so chill—"unless he be mad."

I turned quickly; perhaps my last thought assisted my imagination, for it now seemed that the fellow's eyes, looking straight at me, had in them a senseless stare. I would not have cared for that had not his teeth still shone through his parted, smiling lips. It flashed across my mind that once, while making some studies in insanity, I had noticed that the insane smile with their lips only—smile with their lips, with ready murder gleaming from their eyes.

I turned and walked back, hoping that when I again approached the spot, which I wanted to pass, he would either have left it or assumed a more sane expression. I did not walk far. I confess I was nervous with my back to him; for I was alone and unarmed, and if he was indeed mad, he might treacherously sneak upon me——No, he still sat there as I quickly faced toward him again. He had not altered his position, but one arm—the one toward the water—was swinging lazily as the creeping tide timidly lapped it, shrank back, and then lapped it again more boldly.

"The man is crazy," I suddenly exclaimed, "and will sit there and drown in the rising tide!"

What should I do?

The shrieking seabird swooped close to the madman's head, envious of the prize the tide was soon to grasp.

"Save yourself!" I shouted. It did not move! Horror held me as motionless. The senseless stare was changed to a glare of deathly determination; the smile seemed altered to a mocking grin. The swelling water now swayed his legs, then suddenly his whole body relaxed and sunk a little—submitting without resistance to the embrace of death.

The motion startled me into action. Seizing a rock, with which, if he should struggle, to stun him to save him, I rushed toward the grinning creature.

God!

I staggered back, shivering. The tide had come to claim its own: what it had there laid out when life had just fled it now would bear off to bury in its depths.

The Way K. B. Came into Camp.

OSH! that was an awful steep divide between Gold Hill, Nev., and Downieville, Cal., and the stage coaches and freight teams had tough work of it making the climb, even when the road was in good condition. When the mud was deep, or there was much snow, the road was darned hard going, even with six horses to a stage, or sixteen to a freighter.

THE WAY K. B. CAME INTO CAMP.

"It was one winter's day when there was so much snow the stage agent allowed that the stage would not go out until the road had been broken by a freighter or two. That was mighty inconvenient for Brown—'Kettlebelly,' we called him, but the newspaper fellows up in Virginia City called him 'K. B.' so much in their stories he got to believe those were his initials, although his baptism name was Lemuel.

"Well, sir, Brown felt mighty sore about the agent refusing to send out a stage, because he had accepted an engagement to deal faro at Alf Whitehead's bank in Downieville, and on his promising to be there that very night Alf's chief dealer had arranged to go to Sacramento, where he was to take charge of a new bank.

That would leave Alf without a dealer, and it was pay-day. Of course that wouldn't do, for a pretty smooth chap from the Bay had just opened a bank in Downieville, and if Alf's game closed for want of a dealer on pay-day the new bank would get all the trade, for a miner must play against the bank on pay-day, or else it don't seem like pay-day to him.

"Well, sir, when the stage agent said he would not buckle up to swing out, of course no one else would, for if the stage horses couldn't make the trip none others could. Cluggage ran the line in those days, and, Lord! you know what kind of stock he had. His horses could climb a tree if they had to, but the agent said he'd be damned if a head of stock left the barn that day, even if the bonanza kings had to get to Downieville, and he certainly wouldn't for Kettlebelly.

"A lot of us were sitting around Orndorff's stove—that was before Jim Orndorff moved up Slippery Gulch to his swell place on C Street in Virginia City—sitting around discussing what K. B. could do, and it did seem like he couldn't do anything but just sit there.

"After a while K. B. got up, walked to the front of the bar, and looked up at the snow on the mountain, kind of savage like, when he saw some miners who were building a sheeve with

twelve by twelve timber. He saw that the heaviest piece they were handling didn't go through the crust, and he says:

"'If it will bear that it will bear even me. I'm going to walk over the divide! I'm not going to give Alf Whitehead no double cross, like refusing the trick. I'll deal bank in Downieville this night or you'll find me cached in the snow up there.'

"Well, we thought he must be crazy, so we all took a drink, but that didn't seem to do him any good, for he kept right on:

"'It ain't very far,' says K. B.; 'the snow crust will last all day if the sun don't come out too strong, and I believe I can turn the trick.'

"Of course we all just naturally took another drink, and then Jim set them up, and then a young fellow who had come out from Heidelburg to be an assayer says that he'd go, too.

"Then that settles me, and I says I'd go, too, and we just naturally took another drink and then got ready. We all wrapped gunny-bags around our boots, each put a bottle of whiskey and some pipes and tobacco and crackers in his overcoat pockets, and then, when we'd all had a drink, we started out.

"It wasn't very cold, but the crust was good and hard, and the going wasn't bad, or

wouldn't have been bad if the hill hadn't been so steep.

"We didn't go round by the grade, you understand, but straight up the side of the mountain, and the pace that K. B. set was awful, considering that in those days he didn't weigh an ounce less than 300 pounds. You'd never know we were climbing over rough loose rocks and sagebrush, for all these were buried out of sight, and only the few digger pines cropped up through the snow.

"My! but it was hard work. I suppose we hadn't got more than half way up to the ridge before that Heidelburg student gave out. We tried to fire him up with liquor, but it just naturally wasn't any use. He was a tenderfoot, and probably hadn't got accustomed to the kind of whiskey we drank on the Lode in those days.

"'We'll cache him, then,' said K. B., and he jumped up in the air, and when he came down broke through the crust. He kind of walloped around beneath the crust, making a nice cave, and when he climbed out we cached the student there, leaving him some of our share of grub and tobacco, so he was quite comfortable, but mighty drunk.

"Then K. B. and I made another start, although, seeing how comfortable the assayer

was, I had a great notion to stay with him. I'm glad I didn't, for if I had I'd never seen the start of K. B.'s journey on the other side.

"Before we got to the ridge I was just naturally clean petered out. K. B. kept at me to brace and get as far as the ridge, for then I might be able to keep on, because the going would be easier down-grade. I wasn't any good even after we got there. I couldn't stand on my feet a minute longer, although I drank quite a considerable, too; but the sun was out strong then and the crust was getting soft.

"When K. B. saw that I was clean petered, he says:

"'All right, old son, I'll have to cache you, too, for I'm going on.'

"There was a little mound of snow just over the ridge on the Downieville side, and K. B. said it would make a good cave to cache me in. Well, sir, K. B. stood above it and jumped for it, landing kind of broadside as he broke through the crust, and then the darndest thing happened you ever heard of. The crust around the edge of the mound broke away and the mound, with K. B. plumb inside of it, toppled over and started down the side of the mountain.

"K. B.'s weight made the ball so heavy that it kept breaking through the crust, which

was getting soft, anyhow, and the ball became as big as a stage coach in a minute.

"Well, sir, I thought there wasn't any more laws of perspective, for the ball seemed to be as big when it was a mile down the mountain as it was when it started; but that was because it was getting bigger as fast as it ought to seem to grow smaller in the distance. You understand?

"I could see the houses in Downieville away down there, and the snowball with K. B. inside making straight for the biggest of them, every now and then making a clean jump of a hundred yards or so when a grade steeper than the average would give it a greater headway, and throwing up a trail of flying rocks and sagebrush in a way you might not believe if I hadn't fortunately been there to see it myself.

"Bang! at last it struck the corner of that house—it was a solidly built log house—and split clean in two, and I could just see a black speck fly out of the busted ball and land in a snowdrift.

"Alf Whitehead told me the rest of the story later. He was standing in front of his place feeling awful bad, for he had let his dealer go that morning and he thought the Gold Hill stage wouldn't be over that day and there would be no one to deal faro for him that night. He

happened to look up the divide, and he saw that big snowball come rolling down the mountainside to beat hell, saw it tearing up the sagebrush by the roots, and was wondering whether it would bust the log house or the log house would bust it, when it struck, split, and K. B. came flying through the air, and landed in a snowdrift right in front of his place as soft as a kitten in a basket.

"K. B. just naturally accepted Alf's invitation to take a drink, and then sent up an expedition to rescue me, but I sent them on to get the assayer, for I had no trouble in getting down then, K. B.'s snowball having made as fine a road as ever you walked over in your life, not even a rock or sage brush in it.

"Well, sir, K. B. dealt in Alf's bank that night, and the new fellow from the Bay didn't have a player, all the boys being so tickled with the way K. B. had come into camp that they stuck to his game."

Mr. Fannie Hallowell.

"That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain."

MR. FANNIE HALLOWELL

VERY one knew there was to be no hard work that day, for the coach would not take the chance of laying up a player on the day before the Springfield game. The team and substitutes were out on the field to "limber up," and the work was nearly as much to "jolly" the eleven as anything else, and that was the reason Burton was put in the sixteen against them. Nevertheless, as the men untangled themselves from a good-natured scrimmage, Hal Burton remained on the ground, stiff and straight on his back.

No one knew how it happened: there was a bruise, apparently a slight one, on his temple.

"That's just the way it goes," said the coach. "I've known a man knocked out for half an hour in a little light practice like this and then go through a murdering game without being dazed."

The coach really didn't feel very bad about it, for Burton was only an extra substitute; but

the players themselves felt so bad about it that the coach got Fannie Hallowell and another man to take Burton off the field in a carriage. "Because," said the coach, who was the practical kind of a man who wins football matches, "I don't propose to have my men's spirits interfered with by any sympathy nonsense the day before the game."

For this same practical reason the coach induced Fannie to take Burton to his city apartments, so that if he should be badly injured it need not be known that night at the college, as it would be if he went to his rooms there.

So it was nearly an hour before a physician examined the still unconscious man, and then a specialist was sent for. There was another and a longer examination with the room darkened, and after that the specialist said to the other physicians: "Ruptured blood vessel. Clot formed on the thalamus opticus. Total visual paralysis. Clot may be absorbed in a month; maybe not for six. Tell later."

Fannie Hallowell heard this too, but of course he did not understand, and he asked the specialist what was the matter with Hal. The specialist, who was drawing on his gloves, and appeared to be in a hurry, explained briefly, in lay language:

"He's blind," was all he said.

The coach was the only one at the college who heard of this before the train started for Springfield, and he thanked heaven that that was so, for he knew it would take some, if not all, the ginger out of the players, and utterly ruin the cheering on their side of the grounds if it were known that Burton, "the most popular man in college," had been so badly injured.

Burton was popular with cliques for special things: the musical men, for example, could always command his big, sympathetic voice; the men who looked after various college subscriptions could at any time call on him for any deficit, but with all men, in or out of sets, it was his unbounded, uninterrupted, manly good-nature that insured his popularity. Yet only one man sat by his side on the day of the game—Fannie Hallowell, christened "Francis." He had been nicknamed "Fannie" at his first school, and the name stuck to him through life. He was a townsman of Burton's. It used to be said at college that if Fannie had physique he would have been athletic; if rich, tough; if poor, a grind. I doubt that. It was his temperament, I believe, not his circumstances which made Fannie what he was as a college man. Although he had more to do with the literary set than any other, he was anything but a grind. He knew more, I mean in the literary course he took, be-

fore he entered college than most men when they leave. Yet he would cram out of his course with some special just to save the special from flunking on his finals. Fannie and Burton were not chums at college, for Fannie's allowance was so small he could not have kept pace with Burton had he been so inclined. Twenty men were more intimate with Burton: he had done more favors for a hundred.

The day after the game scores of men called to make inquiries for the injured man; the next day a dozen; a week later, none; but Fannie stayed there constantly with the doctor and the nurse. When the doctors at last announced that Hal's eyesight was not endangered, if he were properly nursed, Fannie reported it in a quieting letter to Mrs. Burton, Hal's widowed mother, living in Paris. Then Fannie got a letter from home. He gasped a little when he read it, but his only comment was "Poor old dad," although the letter was not written so much to tell him of his father's bankruptcy as to inform him that all allowances would stop. Fannie did not go home, for the doctor told him that Burton needed to be kept from fretting, to be entertained. In a month, if there were no complications, he could travel; in six months see well—perhaps.

Fannie was sitting by Hal's bed when the specialist said this, and when the man of science

had gone and Fannie saw that big, world-loving, active Burton was crying quietly, he concluded to remain by his side, and only shrugged his shoulders in answer when he asked himself how he was going to do that on nothing a year.

Three weeks later Hal received a visit from his cousin and classmate, Jack Morgan. This taciturn young man belonged to a sporting set, and was accustomed to discuss the merits of a dog or a horse in syncopated monosyllables, and discuss anything else not much at all. Jack intimated to Fannie that he had some family affairs to discuss with his cousin, and the necessity of saying even this cost him such a vast mental effort that he was in a nervous state when Fannie left the room. Then he blurted out, "Say, what's the matter with you, Hal?"

"Matter with me?"

"Yes, what are you doing for Fannie?"

"Well, Jack, what the devil is the matter with you?"

"Tell you all about it," said young Mr. Morgan, relieved to find so prompt an opening for the business of his errand. "Couple weeks go saw man taking Fannie's books away. Asked what for. Orders from Mr. Hallowell sell books, says man. And remit, says man. Then heard fellows say Fannie's governor broke. Then heard lot more talk; then got idea. Came

here. Inquired. Fannie living beastly little room. Not eating enough to keep fit. Doctor tells me you might died or gone blind all your life if hadn't been for Fannie. I find him starving. What's matter with you?"

This was the longest speech of Jack Morgan's life, and its effect warranted its length. Burton cursed himself for a brute and Jack for an ass for not finding all this out sooner. "And poor Fannie," he exclaimed, "he has made these weeks I thought would kill me almost happy, with books, papers, his guitar, reading me your letters——"

"My letters!" Jack gasped.

"Yes, your letters and all the boys."

"Never wrote you letters," Jack declared. "Don't believe anybody wrote. No one writes letters—except home for money. Fannie faked the letters."

The cousins remained in consultation some time before they sent for Fannie, and when he came in Burton said, "Fannie, old man, you know the doctor said we could travel in a week. I'll have lots of things to attend to for my mother. Business letters, you know, and that sort of thing. I can't have a stranger reading my mother's letters, and Jack was saying we might induce you to come along. You go downtown with Jack and he'll arrange about your drawing

money for me. And say, Fannie, get a lot of money from the bank to-day, for there must be a stack of bills to pay here, and you must have a lot for our expenses and that sort of thing."

"Got to put up forfeit money on you, Fannie, or you may not show up at the post," said Jack. He repeated that remark twenty times to his chums that night, thus fixing his reputation for being a monstrous clever man.

* * * * * * *

Four months later Mr. Harry Burton and Mr. Francis Hallowell were on the Pacific Mail steamship wharf in San Francisco, making a fairly good football wedge through the crowd to the gangplank of the steamer about to sail to the Sandwich Islands. Fannie was in the lead, and Burton, wearing dark glasses, rested his hand on Fannie's shoulder. This was from habit, for he could see well enough now to go about alone safely, and he was using his arm to help buck Fannie through the crowd. Suddenly Fannie came to a short stop and whispered:

"Heavens, what a beauty!"

An Italian, middle-aged, with gray hair and mustache; an elderly lady; a tall, straight, dark girl, and a shorter and darker woman were in grievous distress through the efforts

of a hackman, a baggageman, an expressman, and a steamer steward to complicate a matter concerning freights and fares. A babel of tongues was attracting the rather impolite attention of the crowd. The gentleman and the elderly lady spoke Italian; the young lady English, and the servant, for such the other woman was, a language none but her companions understood. Fannie forced his way to the Italian's side and asked, "Are you going to the steamer, sir?"

"Yes, if it is possible to settle all this confusion," answered the Italian, smiling, but evidently distressed.

"Steward," said Fannie sharply, "take these ladies to their staterooms. You go with them, Hal." He promptly mitigated the Italian's other troubles in a manner which excited the admiration of the hackman and the expressman, in spite of their charges having been cut in two by him.

The steamer had passed outside the Golden Gate before the Italian had ceased his expressions of gratitude for Mr. Hallowell's incomparable services, which would remain uppermost and ever fresh in his mind so long as gracious heaven permitted him life and the capacity for gratitude.

"If you had saved his life, Fannie, he

could not have said 'grazie' more times in a minute," Burton remarked when they were alone. "And your boldness! Think of our Fannie coming out strong as the queller of water-front bandits."

"If you could see that girl's face, Hal, you would not be surprised if I had quelled lions and tigers for her."

"I could not see it very well. Dark and rather long, isn't it?"

"Dark, yes; not long, rather short—no, —oh, I saw nothing but eyes—yes, and teeth!"

"Fannie, you shock me," Burton exclaimed with much gravity. "This is not quite proper; you are in a frenzy. You need a long cooling drink,—and so do I."

When the Italian had acknowledged Fannie's services he had introduced himself and the ladies of his party; himself, as Signor Cicogna; the girl as his daughter, and the other lady as Signora Aldobrandi, his sister. It was hours after that Burton said, apropos of nothing, "What sort of a name was that the Signor called his daughter?"

"Kah-lay-poo-oo-ah. It is Hawaiian, and it means wreath of bursting flowers, and is spelled Ka-lei-puua," answered Fannie promptly.

"Bless us! where did you get it?"

"From the maid. That dark woman is the girl's maid, and is Hawaiian."

Three days out it was warm and calm. This had the happy effect of restoring the Signor to deck, and on his first appearance he approached the Americans and inquired if he had the honor, in meeting Mr. Burton, to make the acquaintance of the son of the distinguished Mrs. Morgan-Burton, of Paris.

When Hal assured him that such was the fact, the Italian evinced an embarrassing desire to embrace his young friend. He explained: Another sister of the Signor, residing in Rome, where his daughter and Signora Aldobrandi had been, had had the honor of entertaining there her dear friend, Mrs. Morgan-Burton, and the latter lady had entertained his daughter in Paris, when she had gone there to see the galleries. Entertain her! did he say? Had given his beloved child a home. The Signora Morgan-Burton was most kind and hospitable; was of herself most distinguished; her wit, the delight of poets! her beauty, the despair of artists! The Signor himself was her most devoted and unworthy admirer!

All this the Signor said with elaborate earnestness, adding that his daughter, who adored the Signora Morgan-Burton, had guessed the relationship when she had heard Signor

Burton's name, and had noticed his affliction—the Signor touched his own eyes and looked unutterable woe and sympathy—of which she had heard his distinguished mother speak.

This resulted, quite naturally, in the Americans accepting Signor Cicogna's invitation to them to become his guests at once, at his place on the beach of Waikiki. Lei-Mokilana, the maid, began talking with great industry and excitement to her friends on shore soon after the steamer had rounded Diamond Head. The fact that it was some hours before her voice could reach the waiting crowd at Honolulu landing seemed only to add to her excitement, and in no wise lessen her enthusiasm.

"I wish you could see them, Hal," Fannie exclaimed when they at last reached the wharf. "Lei-Mokilana is rubbing noses with something less than a million natives, and Miss Cicogna is being buried in flowers."

This about the flowers was literally true. As Ka-lei-puua and her aunt entered an open carriage on the wharf, the maid ceased rubbing noses and gave a signal cry which brought out from behind piles of bags of sugar a swarm of native girls, each burdened with wreaths of flowers, which were thrown over Ka-lei-puua until she and her aunt really were nearly concealed by the leis. Even then there were

enough of the leis left for the hats and shoulders of the men. After this welcome the party drove through the sleepy town, through the suburbs, on a road bordered with parks and gardens, some of which were aflame with tropical flowers, some dense and dark and mysterious with a luxuriance of the royal and a dozen other kinds of palms, with now and then an open space through which on one side the smiling South Sea reached away forever, or, on the other, the sombre green mountains rested the eyes and cooled the air; through cocoanut groves; through strips of white sand bordering slips of lagoons in which women bathed and children played; thus out to Waikiki. That Waikiki you call Y-kee-kee, and it means laughing water, or smiling water, or shining water, or something pretty of the kind. There, in a cluster of cottages, the Signor and his family lived when not on his plantation, on another island. A swarm of chattering servants greeted them there, and one, the proud possessor of three phrases supposed by him to be English, was assigned to the Americans, and took them to their cottage.

Cicogna, a planter, had married a native princess not of the reigning family, who died when Ka-lei-puua was very young, and then his sister had come from Italy to rear this plant-

er's child. She had, after many years, induced her brother to let her take Ka-lei-puua "home" with her for a finish to her education. Three years, Signora Aldobrandi had gravely decided, would be required for this finishing, and they had been away from the Island just eight months. The steamer following the one on which they had departed bore the planter's prayers, entreaties, and commands for the immediate return of his daughter, and the next steamer bore him.

Ah! but those Hawaiians, native and adoptive, are graceful at the task, not difficult to them, however, of doing nothing; and you would be amazed, my dear sir, in spite of your nine hours' daily business serfdom here, to find how quickly and easily you can learn to do that same nothing always when you are on the beach at Waikiki. Those open-sided summer houses, which they call lanai, are a special incentive to doing nothing. One afternoon in the Cicogna lanai Fannie, who had been idly strumming chords on a guitar, began singing a popular native air. At the refrain of the first verse, Cicogna and his sister looked up in amusement, and Ka-lei-puua laughed delightedly. A dozen natives left off doing nothing on the beach to lounge about the lanai railing. They shouted with joy at Fannie's verses, and at the end of

the song you would believe they were in a near approach to hysterics. This was partly because they had had nothing to be excited over since one of them had capsized his canoe on the reef—but that was nearly an hour ago—and partly because the refrain to the verses sung was composed of Kai-lei-puua's native names.

"What is it, Fannie?" Burton asked, not understanding the applause both in and out of the lanai.

Fannie explained.

"Are they all Miss Ka-lei-puua's names?" exclaimed Burton.

"Only the native ones; I have as many more Italian," the girl said, laughing.

"Say them slowly—the Hawaiian ones," Hal begged.

"I cannot, and skip the Italian. It would be like saying every other letter of the alphabet. Mr. Hallowell has written them down, with the meanings," Ka-lei-puua said.

"Oh, you gave them to Fannie and refuse them to me?" this from Burton in mock despair. But the girl answered quickly, and earnestly, "Aunt Caro gave them to Mr. Hallowell."

"Then you meant that I should have them too, did you not, signora?" asked Hal.

"Mr. Hallowell may read them to you, if

you promise not to make them into a song," the signora said, with the older woman's appreciation of Burton's pretended dismay.

Fannie read: "Ka-lei-puua, wreath of bursting flowers; Ka-lani-uliuli, blue heavens; Mauna-ka-wai, bird of the sea; Maka-aka-aka, laughing eyes; Kanani, the beautiful." When he finished he turned to his friend and demanded with pedagogic seriousness, "Master Burton will please rise and recite Miss Ka-lei-puua's native names and the definitions."

Hal tried and failed, and as Ka-lei-puua's maid was interpreting the whole scene, the natives were again in a frenzy of guttural joy.

"The boys want you to sing the verses once more," Ka-lei-puua said to Fannie, "boy" being the generic name for a native male servant, though he may also be a grandfather. As Fannie began Burton strolled down to the bathhouses and the eyes of most of the people followed him. When he left his dressing room, and entered the water carrying a surf board, the natives ran down to the beach and soon Ka-lei-puua and her father followed. In the two weeks they had been at Waikiki Hal had made great progress in the native sports, and already rode a board on the surf of the inside coral reef very well. He was seen now to be making his way out to the breakers of the outside reef, and Signor Cicogna

ordered a native expert to follow him. Fannie laid down his guitar, his song half finished, and went to the beach, too.

"It was his one success," the old signora said, a little sadly, as she watched Fannie, "and the others should not have spoiled it."

The native surf rider, also carrying the long cigar-shaped board on which the natives do their marvellous surf riding, overtook Burton, and they waited together for a roller which promised a good ride in. The native at last signalled, and they both made a fair mount on their boards and came rushing in, lying flat on the shoreward face of the roller. The native suddenly stood erect on his board, and Burton tried the same difficult feat. It was too late, for the roller began to comb, and as it broke Hal and the board were tumbled over and over in the surf. There was a shout of "Awea Ka meka ai!" from shore as Burton, laughing and choking, was helped out of the surf by the native. He stumbled and scrambled to the beach, stood still for one startled moment, tossed his head like a deer, and made a wild rush at Fannie, taking him in his arms and swinging him off his feet.

"Fannie! Fannie!" he shouted, "the breakers tore the glasses off and I can see! See as well as ever!"

"I have another pair for you and I will get them," Fannie said when he recovered his feet and his breath.

"And I'll throw them in the ocean! The six months would be up in two weeks. It is all right, anyhow. The light does not hurt my eyes! Oh, but it's good not to look through a cloud!"

He was wild with excitement. "I can see —see your eyes!" and he suddenly grasped Ka-lei-puua's hands.

The girl blushed, and then he turned to the signora. "And your lovely face, Aunt Caro. I thought it would be fine. And you, signor! Oh, but it is glorious, everything! Fannie!"

He had Fannie in his wet arms again, whirling him in a mad dance on the beach.

There was no resisting his enthusiasm. The natives understood that a miracle had been performed, and were singing, dancing, laughing, and weeping from excitement. The signora forgave even the "Aunt Caro," and agreed with her brother, who declared that the occasion could only be fittingly celebrated by a luau that night.

It is as amazing as it is charming the number of things which happen in the Sandwich Islands which can only be fittingly

celebrated by a luau—a feast and dancing. At least it was so when the people down there still enjoyed life—before they took to politics. I do not know how it is now that they have politics and factions and politicians and the other improvements of civilization which pester a people and make life not worth living. Why, one of the guests of that evening was the Princess L——. She contributed a band of hulu-hulu girls to the entertainment, and now the misguided woman, because she would go in for politics instead of pleasure, has gone as far as jail, I believe.

In the lanai, where the feast for the guests was spread, there was light from a profusion of lanterns, but the servants and their friends ate on the lawn, by the moonlight only.

When the hulu-hulu girls came into the lanai and began dancing, the Americans received one of the severe shocks of their lives. Kalei-puua was seated at the feet of the Princess and both ladies regarded the dance with frank enjoyment.

The girl dancers wear only one garment, which does not conform identically with the outline of their bodies: a fluffy affair made of leaves which hangs from their waists and ends at their thighs. Its result, and probably its intent, is to exaggerate the size of their hips

and thighs, for the dance chiefly consists in movements of those portions of the body, which prove an amazing possibility of their action, unrelated to the body above and below. A dancer begins her performance standing motionless and with her arms held rigidly at length before her. She remains so while several bars of music are slowly sung and played, but as the music quickens her arms relax and begin a slow, graceful, weaving motion. The musicians hurry their cadence and the dancer's hips and thighs take up the motion. After that she leads the music, which now becomes an accompaniment, not a direction. For several minutes, perhaps, the dancer's feet have not left the ground, but after that she begins to move them slowly and almost joltingly, and without altering her position. Later she may address her dance especially to some musician or to some spectator, and will then slowly and appealingly move toward the object of her attention. Her arms, hips, and thighs are the chief mediums for the expression of the meaning of the dance, and their movements become faster, freer, wilder, until the dancer stops from exhaustion.

"It is awful," Fannie gasped, turning from the dancers toward the signora.

"It is a question of inherited taste and early training," answered that lady with no

evidence of compunction. "Ka-lei-puua nearly died of shame before the nude statues in the galleries of Rome and Paris. To her this is innocent—she is ignorant."

"But the signor—does he not object?" asked Burton.

"If he objected to an amusement other girls of Ka-lei-puua's station are permitted," answered the signora, "he would do more harm than good—he would suggest the evil she does not now see."

The Americans slipped from the lanai and strolled down to the beach.

"Is she not as beautiful as I said?" Fannie asked after they had walked some time in silence.

"As beautiful! As if any language of man could describe her beauty. Her face is as beautiful as—as her voice! My dear boy, how could you have seen her all these weeks and not have fallen in love with her?" Burton asked.

Fannie turned his back to the sea breeze to light a cigar before he asked, "Would it be easy to fall in love with her, Hal?"

"Easy? You are a cold-blooded monster, Fannie, that you have not found it impossible not to."

Later the guests danced, and Fannie, with his guitar, joined some high-caste native young

men, who volunteered the music. After Ka-lei-puua had waltzed with Burton, an experience, by the way, which first taught him all that a waltz can be, she went to Fannie and said, "Mr. Burton dances too well to take him away from here; will you not take me to the beach, where it is cooler?"

Fannie thought she was almost affectionate; she was certainly sympathetic and kind as they walked up and down the hard, smooth sand. She knew a great deal about music and a little—a very little—about books. On these subjects Fannie could be eloquent. He was. He felt that he had never talked better in his life than at the very moment Burton came running and shouting, "Your aunt says we may have a moonlight surf party, and you'll go in, won't you, Miss Ka-lei-puua?"

"Yes," she said, turning from Dante without a struggle or an excuse.

Burton was in a great gale of spirits. "Come along, Fannie, old man, you go in, too. What? Well, what if you can't swim? You can paddle about on the inside reef. We will go to the outside reef, Miss Ka-lei-puua. You are not afraid to go out there alone with me, now that I see again, are you?"

"No," answered the girl, softly, looking out on the water. She put her hand on Bur-

ton's arm unconsciously for an instant, and then ran back to the cottages.

Fannie sat on the beach with the signor and signora, watching the bathers going into the surf, which, even at night, was a warm caress.

"Is not that Ka-lei-puua going to the outside reef?" asked the signora, straining her eyes anxiously through the silver sheen over the water.

"She is with Mr. Burton," answered her brother comfortably, "and he is very powerful."

Two or three days later the party embarked on the little inter-island steamer for the Cicogna plantation on the Island of Hawaii: sugar plantation on the lowlands, and cattle ranges where the Cicogna estate ran far up the green flanks of lofty Mauna Loa.

At the plantation the character of life was much more native than at Honolulu. Not less luxurious—perhaps more so; but with less than a dozen foreigners in a community of two or three hundred people, the native element more affected the manner of living. Both Ka-lei-puua and her aunt wore the native dress there, the flowing holoku, most of the time, and leis of flowers always.

It was the morning of a boar-shooting ex-

pedition Ka-lei-puua first rode with the men. She appeared, as they were mounting, in a wide skirted habit and carrying in her hands two leis. One was all of gardenias, which both of the Americans raved about extravagantly. She regarded the men smilingly a moment, and then threw the gardenias around Fannie's neck. Then she mounted, astride, the best horse in the corral. She called to her maid and they spurred ahead. Burton followed, but only overtook them when they had pulled up after a hot mile. "First you give Fannie the gardenia lei, then you ride away from me," he complained as he reached her side.

"Did you care for the gardenia lei?" she asked quite seriously, for sophistry is unknown of the women of Hawaii.

"I care for the first choice," Burton pouted.

"If you really cared, I'll do you a greater favor. I'll let you ride Caesar as far as we go." They dismounted, and as Burton was readjusting the stirrups, she said, "Caesar is faster than your horse. I cannot ride away from you now."

When Ka-lei-puua turned back Fannie turned back with her. He did not shoot, and was not certain about the rough riding the men would have over fallen fern trees and boar hollow. Ka-lei-puua listened attentively to him

as they jogged homeward, for he was again talking well—about books.

* * * * * * *

They went to the volcano by the bridle-trail from Hilo, for the easier stage road from the other side of the Island was not yet finished. A native servant accompanied each member of the party. Fannie's servant, Paula, was a missionary product as to his civilization and proficiency in English. When they went down into the crater he disclosed the depth of his applied Christianity by tossing a piece of silver and a plug of tobacco into a lake of fire, as an offering to the volcano goddess, Pele. They left the Volcano House late in the afternoon, as they had determined to see Halemaumau—the Lake of Everlasting Fire—by night.

Burton and Fannie assisted Signora Aldobrandi down the steep descent into the crater and over the rough crater floor, where lava is piled as are cakes of ice on the shore of a lake after a winter's storm. Passing the little lake they reached at dusk the rough banks of Halemaumau, where the floor of lava has fallen in, showing the restless, surging, everlasting fire, and there they waited for darkness. Then it was that Paula went a little aside and made his

pious sacrifice to Pele, and Fannie happened to be watching him.

The lake at short regular intervals was coated with a black gleaming crust, which was then rent, torn, and destroyed by the billows of liquid fire which dashed in breakers against the shore, hissing and sending up a surf of lava. The silver thrown by Paula made an instant's brighter gleam as it struck and melted; the tobacco vanished in a little puff of smoke. As the lake blackened again, Fannie turned toward his party. The sky, too, was black now and he could scarcely discern the figures of his silent companions, but when, with a crack like a near thunder-peal the lake surface split from end to end, and a glare of surging fire lit up the figures on the bank, Fannie saw Ka-lei-puua with one hand clasped in her father's hand, the other in Burton's.

It was late when they returned to the Volcano House. The signor ordered supper and sat down by the blazing log fire in the old, raftered dining-room. Fannie walked alone outside for some time, and as he returned he met Burton coming from the dining-room. When he entered the signor looked up and extended his hand.

"It is chilly here, for all the fire we saw down there," he said.

"It is chilly," Fannie said, shivering.

The signor regarded him anxiously, and then said, "You are ill, my son."

"I am very well, only cold."

"And I have just what you need: it is in my room. Won't you step in and get it—a flask?"

Fannie went to the signor's room, which, like all those facing the volcano, opened on the veranda. He found the flask and was just leaving when two figures, outlined by the volcano's glow, met on the grass in front of the veranda. He had no time to disclose himself or retreat. He heard Burton's voice:

"Ka-lei-puua, darling! Your father says—"

He turned the girl's radiant face up to his and kissed her lips.

* * * * * * *

"Paula," said Fannie, finding his servant on the veranda, "what is your silver piece by this time?"

"Lava," said Paula.

"And your tobacco?"

"Smoke."

"What would become of me if I jumped in there, Paula?" asked Fannie smiling.

"Smoke, too," Paula said sadly, as he looked into Fannie's face, though Fannie smiled.

And it was so.

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